

**INSIDE
APPLE
CORPSE**

ROLLING STONE

ACME

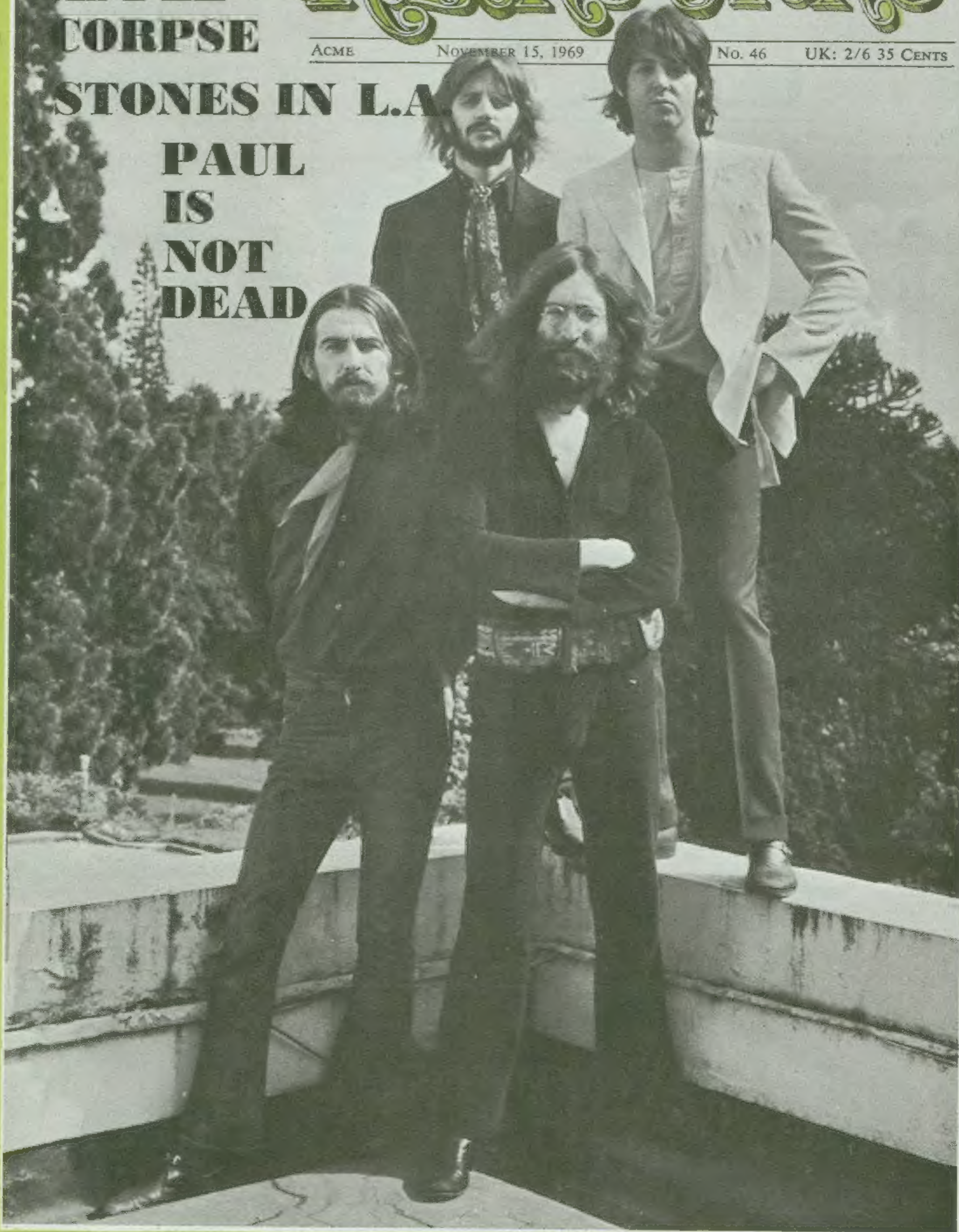
NOVEMBER 15, 1969

No. 46

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STONES IN L.A.

**PAUL
IS
NOT
DEAD**





Mick in Los Angeles: Stones tour & rap. page 16

ED CARAFF

THE BEATLES: 'YOU NEVER GIVE ME YOUR MONEY'

BY OUR STAFF

LONDON—Once again the talk in the music trade is that the Beatles' Apple Corps is about to collapse. And that the Beatles themselves are squabbling.

This last negative note was substantiated, in fact, by John Lennon's recent comments to the British pop paper *Melody Maker*, in which he said:

"The problem is that two years ago our accountants made us sign over 80 percent of all our royalties to Apple. All the money comes into this little building and it never gets out.

"If I could get my money out of the company, I'd split away and start doing my own projects independently. I'd have much more freedom and we'd all be happier."

Ringo, on the other hand, says there's no point in leaving Apple. "Because," he says, "everything we make comes into this place. After paying the tax you'd end up with nothing. I read today that John wanted pocket money. On everything he has to buy, he only has to send the bill in here and they take care of it in one of these rooms." Ringo gestured vaguely about Apple, as he sat comfortably at a desk.

"If I want to buy a car, I just go to one of these rooms and say, 'Here, will you pay this bill.' I don't want to come into this office and listen to figures and accountants. No one does. But we have to do it because we put ourselves in this position. We have to clean it up and straighten it out the best way we can."

John doesn't directly disagree, exactly. "I still feel part of Apple and the Beatles," says John, "and there's no animosity, but they tend to ignore Yoko and me. For instance, Kenny Everett recently made a promotional record for Apple which was played at the big yearly EMI meeting. It plugged James Taylor, the Ivies and so on, but it didn't mention the things Yoko and I have been doing. And I think that what we're doing is a lot more important than James Taylor."

"Apple seems to be scared of us."

If Lennon feels isolated from, or rejected by, his mates, most of the pull-and-push of conflict that exists behind the Beatle walls still appears the result of the band's relationship with American business manager Allen Klein. Paul Mc-

Cartney, who never liked Klein, nor, apparently, trusted him, still hasn't placed his signature on Klein's contract. While the others are confiding to friends they may have made a mistake, the nature of which is neatly summed up by a lyric from "You Never Give Me Your Money" on *Abbey Road*.

*You never give me your money
You only give me funny paper
And in the middle of negotiations
You break down . . .*

In London pop circles, this Lennon-McCartney song—this verse, anyway—is considered the Beatles' way of describing their relationship with Apple.

"Usually our songs aren't about anything," explained Ringo during a recent

—Continued on Page 22

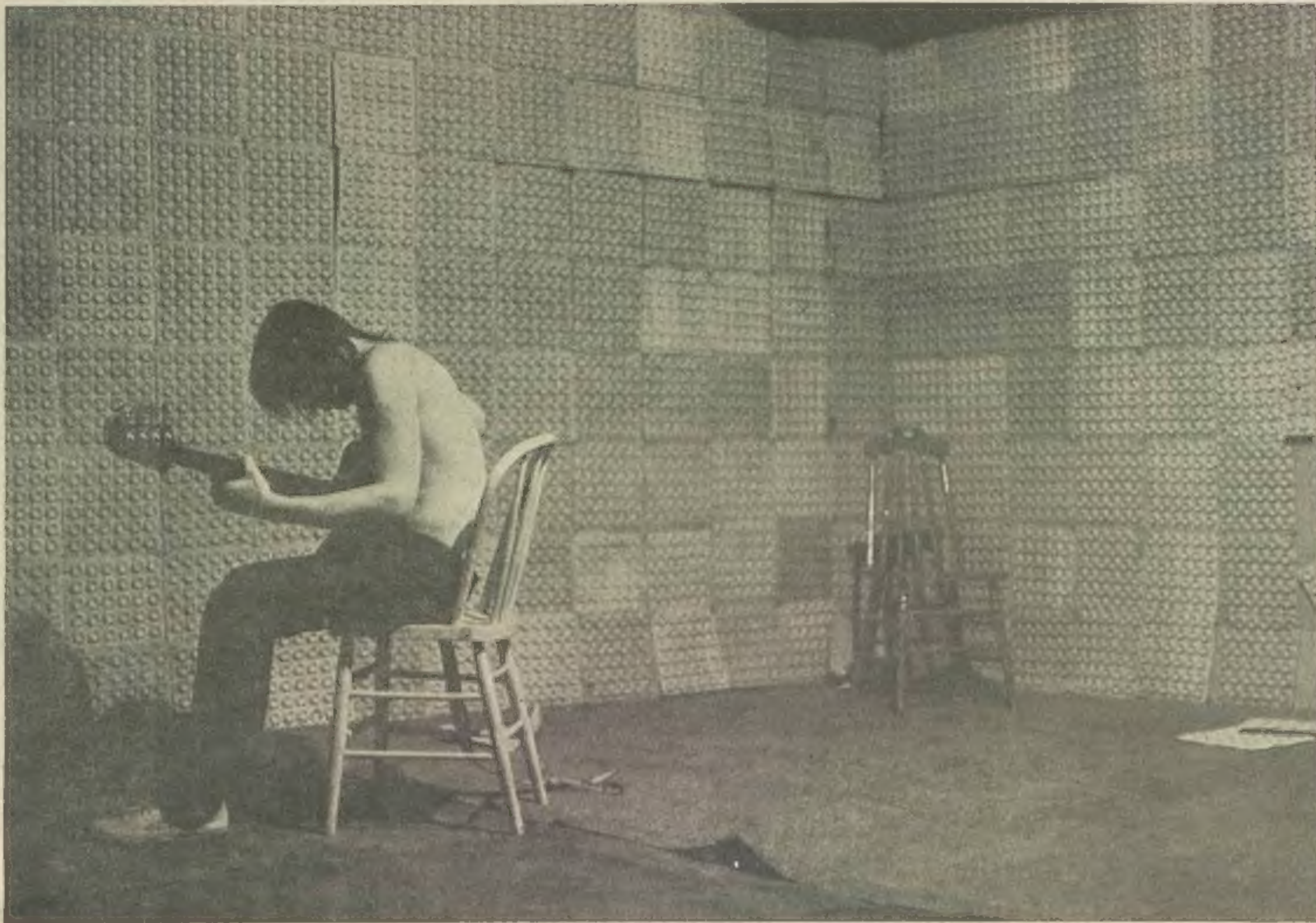
JACK BRUCE...his album



songs for a tailor

with harry beckett, dick heckstall-smith, jon hiseman, henry lowther, john marshall, felix pappalardi, chris speeding, art theman.
words by pete brown.





ALFA PHOTOJOURNALISTS CO-OP WALT ODETS

CORRESPONDENCE, LOVE LETTERS & ADVICE

SIRS: Very clever, my boys! An interesting survey might be to find out how many of your so-hip readers actually asked their record stores to order *The Masked Marauders*.
DAVID POLACHECK
LOS ANGELES

SIRS: Only one thing bothers me. Why was all mention deleted from the *Masked Marauders* review of perhaps the most charming cut of all—Mick Jagger and Paul McCartney's splendid duet of "You've Lost That Lovin' Feeling?" Under Al Kooper's tastefully spare production, the two mop-tops have etched an accurate and moving portrait of America in 1969.
JACK ZIEGLER
SAN FRANCISCO

SIRS: It all began the day before Issue No. 44 of *ROLLING STONE* hit the streets here in Philadelphia, hard on the heels of *The Great White Wonder*. People were calling us every five minutes or so, to ask when we expected to receive *The Masked Marauders*. We started calling various record distributors around the country, and wasted most of the afternoon in this fashion. While we were unable to locate a source for the album, we did locate two distributors who claimed to represent Deity Records, but neither of them had any information about *The Masked Marauders*. Then T. M. Christian's review of the album was noted by us the next day. . . .

Incidentally, we have learned of a forthcoming four-LP set, titled *Crime Does Not Pay*, which includes private tapes by Donovan, Jimi Hendrix, Arlo Guthrie, Laura Nyro, Louis Armstrong, Janis Joplin, Pete Seeger, and Paul Butterfield. The set contains the legendary "94-Minute Raga" with the famous spoken introduction by David Peel. The record album is packaged in an ivory-and-ebony-inlaid teakwood box with platinum feet. The front depicts a detailed rendering of Janis' left nipple. Inside, the four records are pressed on clear vinyl. The discs have no labels, but imbedded in each is a cutout, 3-D plastic (a *La Satanic Majesties*) picture of

each artist appearing on that LP. These cutouts are so arranged that when the records are placed in a stack they will form a stereo, full-color photo-montage of the entire battery of musicians.
WARREN LANGILL
PENN RECORDS
PHILADELPHIA

If it is not obvious by now, the Masked Marauder review (ROLLING STONE, October 18th) was just a laugh. In other words, a fabrication, a hoax, a jest, an indulgence, or—in the word of the trade—a shuck. If you should happen to see an album by that name in your local record store, do not be misled. The persons who made such a record—musicians and manufacturers alike—are merely masquerading as the Marauders, a double-negative if you like, reduced to nada, nothing, not there, non-existent.—Editor.

SIRS: Your report on the Underground Press was beautiful. John Burks' style makes a liar of Jeff Shero when he says, "I think that print is an archaic medium now and young people . . . are not channeled into the linearity of print." The photographs indicate that you are twice blessed.
C. HAROLD SWENSON
CHICAGO

SIRS: Question. What is the 22-page-long section on the underground press in your October 4th issue supposed to prove? Do you/they really think this country is going to be changed? I don't think the world is getting any better and don't particularly think it ever will, and I don't think any life-style our generation ever adopts will be any less corrupt than those that come before.

But is or is not RS a music paper?? So much more good would be done if you just gave space to a few individuals who communicate joy and love—people such as the Youngbloods, Chuck Berry, and Bob Dylan. I'm afraid "Lay Lady Lay" and "Johnny B. Goode" say more to me than any political rhetoric ever will.

Question. Why not write about music sometimes, or even just rock and roll?

Cultural styles and phenomena may change; but music, along with love, will still be here when we're all dead and gone. Or is *ROLLING STONE* only in it for the money? You don't need to tell me I'm full of shit; I know I am quite often. But this time I think you are, too.
THE FAMOUS ALASKA KING CRAB
LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS

SIRS: San Francisco — how I miss it. I am living here in Montreal now for various reasons. My draft board wants me. Finding a copy of *ROLLING STONE* in this beautiful city is difficult. I used to mooch a copy off a friend, but he moved away.

Could you please publish a little note for me. Since leaving San Francisco, I have not been able to reach my mother, that lovable old doll. All mail I send is returned to me within days. She has apparently moved, got busted, or is out walking "Sanforized" (my cat). She reads *ROLLING STONE*, which is a bit strange for a sixty-year-old woman, but she enjoys it and today's music (her favorite group is the Airplane, of course). She'll see the message and know that I am still stoned and living.

The message reads:
Hello, Ma. Remember to take your liver pills. Make sure Sanforized has plenty of lasagna and Mary Jane. Will try to get over the border to find you real soon. Still flying, your son,
PETER KENNEDY
MONTREAL

SIRS: Attention all members of the Rhythm Dukes, Moby Grape, and Skip Spence. I have a nento idea that will solve all your problems. Jerry Miller and Don Stevenson, quit the Rhythm Dukes. Everyone in the new version of Moby Grape, except for Peter Lewis and Bob Mosley, quit. Now Jerry, Don, Bob, and Peter — get ahold of Skip Spence and form a new band. Call it Moby Grape. Write a whole bunch of new songs, and make everyone as happy as you used to.

I almost forgot. Ben Gerson, you really stink.
ANDY ZWERLING
WOODMERE, N.Y.

SIRS: I'm sure glad to see someone put Santana's album in its proper perspective. I really dig your honest album reviews. Keep up the good work.
WALT PYLE
SACRAMENTO, CALIF.

SIRS: I could feel Crosby, Stills Nash & Young's vibrations from outside the Fillmore. Incredible, incredible! Their music is the most total sound I have heard in years. Having admired David Crosby for a long time and getting into Stills and Young via Springfield and Nash through early Hollies, I just could hardly contain myself.

Their voices sent my warmest emotions to the top of my head, I felt like I was going to be carried out of my seat. Their instruments flashed their own light show in my head. I couldn't keep still, like David Crosby, he just kept moving around. My mind is blown, completely blown. Thank you, Crosby, Stills Nash & Young.
CAROL PRYOR
NEW YORK

SIRS: Your publication has only recently become available in Australia. I would like to commend you on the quality of *ROLLING STONE*, your articles on C&W, rockabilly, authentic rock and roll, blues, and other non-pop forms of music make yours easily the most interesting, informative, and open-minded of all U.S. musical publications. Thanks!
MAURICE TAYLOR
SIDNEY BLUES SOCIETY
SIDNEY SOUTH, NEW SOUTH WALES
AUSTRALIA

SIRS: Would anyone with Issues No. 1 or 22 wishing to trade, sell, etc. please contact me.
JIM WARNER
150 LEONA AVE.
WOODBURY, N.J.

SIRS: How come you still haven't written anything about me?
RICH HOWORTH
WEST LOS ANGELES

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For reasons unknown, Bob Dylan has refused to allow Columbia to release tapes of his Isle of Wight performance . . . The man is, however, talking about a concert tour, discussions going on between Dylan, the Band, and numerous promoters. More definite information next issue . . . Meanwhile, his very unofficial new album, *Great White Wonder*, is still being bootlegged around the country. Its original producers pressed another 5,000 copies (first pressing: 2,300 2-LP sets), unloaded them in San Francisco, and they've been reportedly showing up, in batches of hundreds, in just about all the major league cities. In San Francisco, yet another Dylan bootlegger was issued—a one-record set of tapes recorded with the Band—and sold in several Bay Area shops under the title *Troubled Troubador*. In New York, Columbia is still talking tough about apprehending and stopping the Great White Wonder workers, but it's a justly lost cause. The two perpetrators of *Wonder* have taken their money and split to the North Country—to Canada—to avoid the Draft. We can't think of a more righteous way to use Dylan bread.

Names and games: That singing rage, Miss Mary Hopkin, has recorded "Que Sera Sera," produced by Paul McCartney, who added some lyrics. No one knows yet, however, whether the cut will be released. Que sera sera . . . The Buddy Miles Express has been derailed, the rhythm section having split, the horns recording under the name Freedom Express, and a troubled Buddy trying to get at least himself together in New York. What happened? "You know how Buddy is," said one of the Express. "Impossible, man" . . . The Small Faces, they of "Itchycoo Park" and round LP jacket fame, are reportedly back together again. Ex-leader Steve Marriott is with Humble Pie, still, but all the other Faces, plus two new ones, have reformed and signed a contract with Warner Brothers . . . Release of the new Steve Miller Band album has been delayed. Seems the LP cover artwork, done by a friend of Steve's, resembled Peter Max's expensive style too much for legal comfort . . . Addition to the Flying Burrito Brothers: rhythm guitar Bernie Leadon, formerly with Dillard and Clark. Leadon replaces Chris Ethridge . . . Ex-Buffalo Springfield drummer Dewey Martin has signed with UNI . . . That bitchin' San Francisco band, the Sons of Champlin, are now simply the Sons . . . The Moody Blues now have their own label—Threshold—to be distributed by their old label, Decca . . .

Robert Plant, Led Zeppelin's lead vocalist, told the British pop paper *New Musical Express*: "We have to go to America because the audiences there are so ultra-responsive. In the States you can be terrible musically. Take a group like Country Joe and the Fish who are not brilliant musicians. But when they play the warmth comes over. If you can make an audience happy and get good feelings from the way you treat them, that is far better to my mind than being musically brilliant and standing on stage and saying, 'Right, you lot—dig this!'" Robert Plant. Led Zeppelin.

The Star Club in Hamburg, Germany, where the Beatles got their first major exposure in 1962, is closing this month. Rock and roll, management says, has become too expensive to book . . . The Plastic Ono Band—John and Yoko, Eric Clapton, Klaus Voorman, and Alan White—has cut a single, "Cold Turkey," the Lennon composition performed at the Toronto Rock 'n' Roll Revival. Other Beatle tunes out of Apple are "Give Peace a Chance" by a West Indian group called Hot Chocolate, and "Golden

Random Notes



SATY

Slumbers/Carry That Weight," by the British band White Trash . . . Having canned drummer Colin Peterson, the Bee Gees are now down to 32 members—Barry Gibb, brother Maurice, and a 30-piece orchestra they've hired for a series of London concerts early next year . . . The hyperactive brothers are also working on what they modestly call a "TV spectacular" entitled *Cucumber Castle*. Among guest stars on the show: Blind Faith . . . Jack Bruce plans to tour the U.S. in January (he's already booked for the Fillmore West) and will have a new band behind him—"not a regular group," he says, "just a few friends to work with" . . .

Richie Havens, 1969, is a rock club owner. The singer has acquired 50 percent interest in the Cafe Au Go Go in Greenwich Village. It's a homecoming of sorts for Havens, who started his career at the Cafe five years ago, singing for two bucks a night. The 300-seat club has already booked such acts as the Grateful Dead, the Byrds, Elvin Bishop Group, and Casady and Kaukonen of the Airplane. Havens also plans children's shows on Sunday afternoons . . . In San Francisco, the original Fillmore is operating successfully. Its reopening, in late September, was a small ball, with

a crowd of maybe 300 whooping and dancing through the night. The auditorium, abandoned 18 months ago by Bill Graham, is being run by the Flamin' Groovies and manager Al Kramer and features—besides the nostalgic atmosphere of the old Fillmore, nostalgic prices (50 cents for Wednesday audition nights; a buck for weekend concerts) with such acts as Linn County, Poco, and, natch, the Groovies. A nice scene.

"I think it's a reasonably good album—a good album, but nothing special." That's how John Lennon evaluates *Abbey Road*, the fastest-selling Beatle LP of all time (more than two million copies gone in the first two weeks). Lennon has reason for keeping his enthusiasm at a near-human level: *Abbey Road*, in fact contains six tracks originally planned for inclusion in *Get Back* but which lost out in the final eliminations. *Abbey Road* ain't exactly a dump, and, in fact, Ringo digs it. "We were really together on this one," the drummer reports. "For me it's more important that we play good together than to have a lot of violins playing good together."

Sherpix, a movie company and distribution house, will soon reel off a flick called *Popcorn*, originally shot in 16mm

as a documentary on rock and roll. Filmed both in studios during recording sessions and at live performances, the movie includes the Rolling Stones, Otis Redding, Jimi Hendrix, and the Bee Gees. For November release . . . Also out soon: *Sympathy for the Devil*, Jean-Luc Godard's film on the Rolling Stones. Formerly called *One Plus One*, the film was shot during Stones rehearsal and recording sessions. Only one complete tune is heard in the whole film, and that's the title tune, added over the closing shots—and, it might be added—added over the protests of Godard himself. The films will be premiered at the San Francisco International Film Festival November 2nd.

Three men in a taxi followed Miles Davis (and a young lady friend) as he was driving his Ferrari home from a gig in Brooklyn. As the trumpet player and his lady sat talking in his car, one of the men jumped from the cab and pumped five pistol shots into Davis' Ferrari, then ran back to the cab, which sped off into the night. The great jazz player caught a bullet in his left side, but was not too seriously wounded. To add insult to injury, police busted him for possession of marijuana when they arrived on the scene. The charge was dropped later.

Who, what, where: Aretha Franklin back on her feet and recording another socko Aretha album, in sunny Miami for a change . . . Dion has finished his first LP (in New York) for Warner Brothers . . . Willie ("Spoonful," "Backdoor Man," et al) Dixon has signed with Columbia for three albums . . . Mac Davies, who wrote "In the Ghetto," signed with the same label, began recording in mid-October . . . Dorothy Morrison recording her first LP for Elektra in Muscle Shoals, John Boylan producing . . . Randy Newman's second album for Reprise is in final mixdown . . . Ry Cooder, one of Los Angeles' finest bottle-neck studio men, has signed with Warners, may make his first LP in New Orleans, using some of that city's older jazz and R&B musicians as his sidemen . . . Chicago nearing completion of its second LP for Columbia, in Los Angeles . . . Firesign Theater working on a single for Columbia, "Public Cervix Announcement," b/w "For Broadcast Only" . . . Doors in final editing of their first live album, recorded some months ago at the Aquarius Theater in L.A. . . . Cast album of off-Broadway's musical *Salvation* being recorded in New York, for Capitol . . . Love has completed its first LP for Blue Thumb, 16 tunes on two records . . . Sam Lay's Blues Band now recording in Chicago for the same company, Mike Bloomfield and Nick Gravenites producing with Dylan's "Maggie's Farm" and Chuck Berry's "Roll Over Beethoven" to be included . . . Fleetwood Mac has signed with Reprise.

J. R. Young: please call your uncle, Greil Marcus. This is no emergency.

The U.S. Army, though it refuses to allow the musical *Hair* to be performed at its entertainment centers in Europe, denies that this is a censorship. See, the thing about *Hair* is that it's "controversial," in the words of Frank Kinsman, director of field programming for the Army. "Why," he asks, "produce a controversial play just for the sake of producing a controversial play?" Who could argue with that? Why fight a controversial war, like the War in Vietnam, just for the sake of fighting a controversial war?

THE SONS OF CHAMPLIN HAVE CHANGED THEIR NAME TO THE SONS.

*The forms which we create caress our minds
And they'll take us past this place which lives by time
And the forms we are creating today
Are the forms which we will be some day
And the good games are the flowers of our minds
Forever
I love you*



THE SONS SKAO-352
available on record and tape.



One and One and One Is Three?

DETROIT—The rumor started here, swept the Mid-West, gathered steam on the East Coast, and is now nation-wide. The rumor is that Paul McCartney is dead, has been since 1966, since before *Sgt. Pepper*, and the rumor, despite having reached epidemic proportions, is absolutely untrue.

Still, ROLLING STONE and radio stations and publications across the nation have been flooded with letters and phone calls asking whether it is true (or breaking the news) that Paul is dead. Most are dead serious. Only a few, like Bob Gavin, of Kansas City, suggest that it might be a "huge joke," a great way of "showing people what asses they are."

Evidently it got its start when somebody first noticed that there's a voice saying "Turn me on, dead man," on "Revolution No. 9" when played backwards.

This called for some "research" into earlier and later Beatles. On *Sgt. Pepper* it was noted that there is a hand over Paul's head on the cover (a Greek or American Indian sign of death), and on the back cover his back is turned. The guitar on the grave on the cover is left-handed, just like you know who.

On *Magical Mystery Tour* on the inside there's another hand over Paul's head. He's wearing a black carnation, though the others wear red ones. At the end of "I Am the Walrus" somebody says, "I buried Paul." The walrus on the cover is the only personage there in black, and, as everyone knows, "the walrus is Paul" (source: "Glass Onion," *The Beatles*).

On *Abbey Road*, Paul is out of step with the other three on the cover, and are his eyes closed or not? The rumor says they are and that this is his funeral procession. Fred LaBour, writing in the *Michigan Daily*, University of Michigan paper, says John looks like an "anthropomorphic God, followed by Ringo the undertaker, followed by Paul the resurrected, barefoot with a cigaret in his right hand (the original was left-handed), followed by George, the grave digger." He points out that they are leaving a cemetery.

Such is the fodder for the pseudo-authenticated bullshit that makes a good rumor. LaBour of the *Michigan Daily* has turned out the most baroque explication of Paul's supposed death (though he was not the first to get it in print: the Northern Star student paper at Illinois University carried an article headlined "Clues Hint At Possible Beatle Death" on September 23rd, almost a month earlier). LaBour has Paul having died in a car crash, the top of his head sheared off, prior to *Sgt. Pepper*, and says he is, in fact, the cat who died in the "A Day In The Life" car crash. Which means he'd have been dead some three years by now.

The details go on and on and on (why is it "one and one and one is three" on "Come Together" when there are four Beatles?) and even includes a certain phone number where, if you answer all the riddles right, you'll be whisked away to a magic Beatle Island where there will be a party, or Paul will appear to commit suicide, or Brian Jones is waiting, or Brian Jones and Brian Epstein and Paul, or . . .

Some people will do anything, and that includes E. Alvin Davis, a KLEO, Wichita, disk jockey, who bragged to ROLLING STONE that he's been doing his damndest to spread the rumor on the air. He doesn't necessarily believe it, he says, "but it doesn't matter whether it's true or not, it's still entertaining. We've really got a lot of people talking about it."

That seems to be the story throughout the Mid-West, with cynical rumor-mongers spreading what they know to be bullshit.

The canard has spread all the way to the East Coast, where in New York City a WABC disc jockey named Roby Yonge was yanked off the air by his station manager for perpetrating the nasty rumor.

The gullible are, as ever, gullible. The New York office of Allen Klein, the Beatles' manager, has received dozens of phone calls asking whether it was true or not. Even the Los Angeles Times carried reports of the story—though it took care to run a story quoting Beatles publicist Derek Taylor as saying the rumor is a "lie" and noting that this rumor circulates periodically, concerning one or another Beatle has passed into the Great



Paul? He'd be the last to know

Beyond. The current one is the biggest yet, Taylor says. There have been letters and phone calls day and night non-stop since mid-October.

As for Paul himself, the singer broke his dead silence last Tuesday in London, where he and wife Linda Eastman are house-hunting.

"I'm alive and well," said Paul. "But if I were dead I would be the last to know."

U.S. State Department officials, who do not generally grant entry visas to dead men, have okayed one for Paul, for a Thanksgiving reunion of his wife's family in New York.

'Music Scene' Ain't Got No Balls

BY BEN FONG-TORRES

LOS ANGELES—To save us all a lot of dull, didactic media/analysis rap, let's just say it out-front: *The Music Scene*, so full of potential and promises in its talking stages, has turned out to be just another floating object in the toilet bowl we call television.

Music Scene (Mondays, 7:30 P.M., ABC-TV) is an important program. It's the first prime-time TV show focusing on pop music since rock and roll's emergence as a social force. With a "trade" tie-in (with *Billboard* magazine), it was being looked to by the industry as a probable major influence in record sales. It was one of the most highly anticipated shows in the new TV season.

But *Music Scene* should be receiving its cancellation notice within two or three weeks.

In its first four weeks, the show has taken sound beatings from both NBC (*Laugh-In*) and CBS (*Guns, Smoke*). In a business where numbers rule, *Music Scene* is averaging a pallid 16 percent of the total audience (*Guns, Smoke* is in the high 20's and *Laugh-In* is floating in the 40's). It takes at least 25 percent to survive, so this can be considered an advance obituary.

Advance word about *Music Scene* came in early summer. Smothers Brothers producer Ken Fritz was plotting with ABC to knock off *Laugh-In*'s domination of Monday evenings. To do this, they'd grab the young audience. To do that they'd combine two potent forces—rock and roll and topical/satirical humor. To really do it right, the music would be "hits," certified by *Billboard*, and the humor would come from the Committee, who'd act as regular hosts for the 45-minute program.

It looked good on paper, and for a while it appeared that rock and roll might have its first near-competent television showcase since the go-go days of *Shindig* and *Hullabaloo* six years ago. It's been a long, lean, dry six years during which the medium has massaged the masses by playing it safe. So Lucy, Jackie Gleason, Bob Hope, hillbillies, and cowboys still rule, while innovations have been largely ignored. As for rock and roll, the heralded voice and consciousness of the youth of America, it's retained a status equal to that of a freaky circus act on the Ed Sullivan Show—bring it out, show it off, give it a pat on the back and push it into the wings. And as for irreverent—or relevant—humor, there were the Smothers Brothers, and then, we were told, there'd be their unofficial replacement, the Committee.

But just a month before *Music Scene*'s scheduled debut, on September 22nd, the Committee was axed from the show and replaced by a half dozen bright-eyed strangers. So far, they've come off like a pack of cheerleaders barely able to maintain their smiles through the limp-dicked "liberal" lines and skits they've been fed from the Hollywood Palace-influenced writing staff.

Still, there was the main ingredient—music. And many of the acts *Music Scene* has booked are beautiful: Crosby, Stills, Nash, and Young, Sly & the Family Stone, Janis Joplin, Judy Collins, Buffy Sainte-Marie, Bo Diddley, James Brown, and Isaac Hayes.

But there's that Ed Sullivan syndrome—of pleasing everybody—that pervades television and keeps it watered down. *Music Scene* hasn't escaped it. So to get to the good music, you had to wait and wade through the likes of Eydie Gorme, Steve Lawrence, Lou Rawls, Moms Mabley, Gary Puckett, Bobby Sherman, and two successive Mondays of Three Dog Night.

Production has been singularly unoriginal in a setting that would seem to foster, if not outrightly demand, ingenuity and creativity. *Music Scene*, the supposed reflector of an entertainment form that radiates unpredictableness, is a tubeful of clichés. The show's biggest wad was shot during the first five minutes of opening night, with James Brown singing "World" and walking through a forest of very human, very indifferent people of all ages, hair-lengths, and colors. That was for real, and that was *Music Scene*'s high point.

Since then, artists have suffered mediocre sound (Crosby Stills, Nash and

Young were especially tinny and poorly-mixed) and terrible scenery (Lou Rawls serenaded the back of a blonde head seated in a car on L.A.'s lovers' lane, and it turned out to be a dog. Funnier than hell.) Artists who were once enthusiastic about being on the show are now lukewarm at best.

Music Scene's bookings are supposedly based on the *Billboard* charts, but it's nothing close to a *Lucky Strike Hit Parade* riff; in fact, things would be better if it were. As it is, it seems that the show books whoever will come on, then searches through *Billboard*'s various charts to explain the booking.

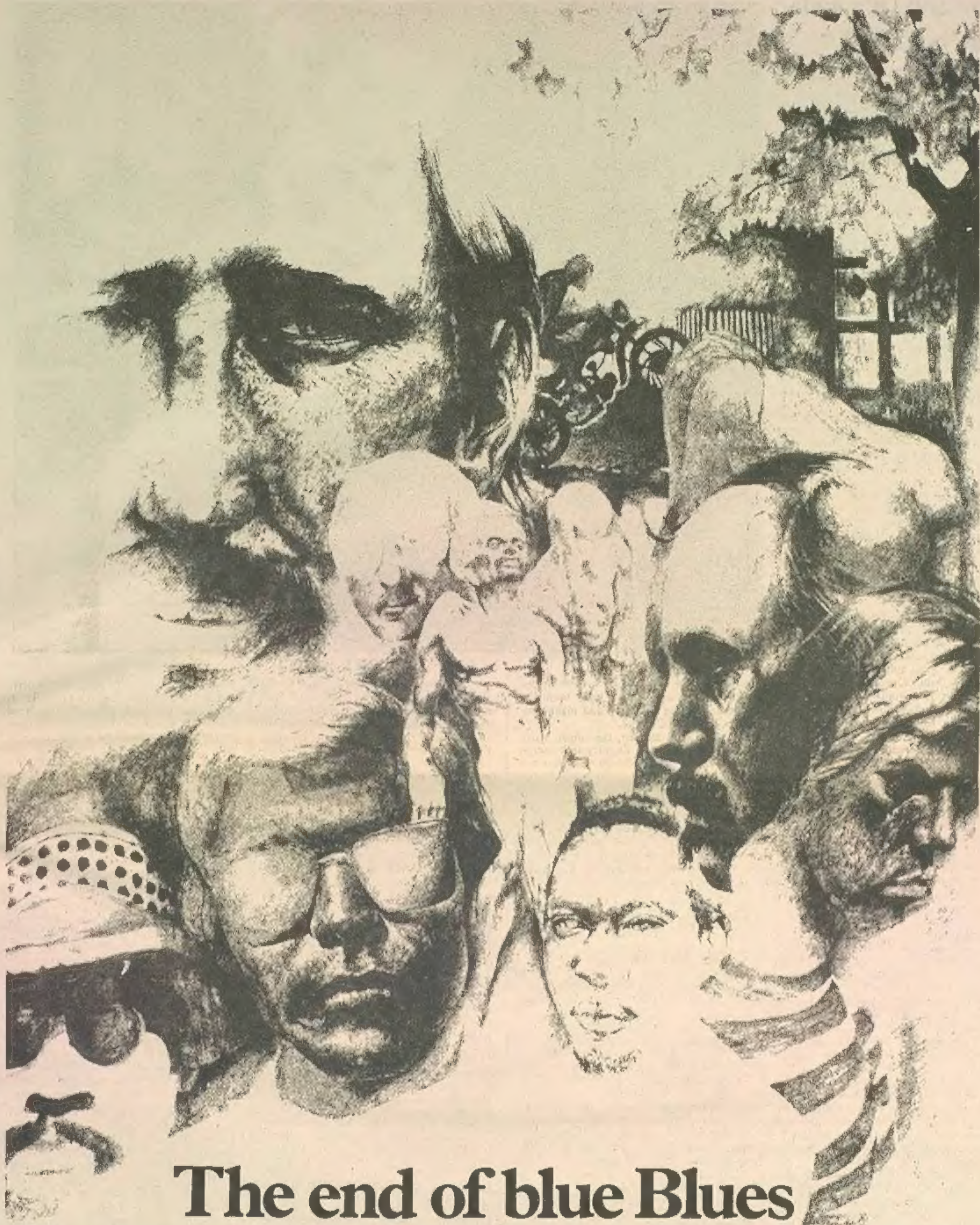
Eydie can be found somewhere on the "Easy Listening" survey, others on country, still others are "spotlight picks," or, for Bo Diddley, the "10 years ago" survey. With that kind of elasticity, *Music Scene* can offer the worst—along with the best—of contemporary music.

Billboard, of course, is lapping up the publicity; in exchange, the magazine runs frequent slick and syrupy ads and see-through rave reviews of each week's show. But the relationship is all huff and puff, the show and the magazine only succeeding in making each other appear less than credible.

For most viewers, it's just another poor show; for those who maintain that there's potential in television to communicate important new ideas—and to change old ones—it's depressing. The one show that could be moving, pushing, and generating the energies to improve television is standing still.

Producer Ken Fritz, a sincere and professional Hollywood TV man, figures the hosting team is just about to jell (David Steinberg has been carrying the main load, while ex-Committee stars Chris Ross and Larry Hankin, the hippest and hairiest of the six, have been virtually hidden).

"The writers," Fritz said during the taping of last week's show, "are just starting to come out strong and use these people's talents." (But at least two comic passages taped for the show—one calling the President "Dickie, you dummy" and the other pinning guest host Tommy Smothers down as a virgin—were snipped.) With Smothers on board, several friendly references to grass got by, as well as a chorus of "Don't Call Me Nigger, Whitey" by Sly and the Family Stone. Perhaps the show can still shift gears, and Fritz can damn the censors and put some balls into the script, weed out the schlock-rock acts, and involve the audience with the artists through particular production techniques.



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Delaney & Bonnie: No Hard Feelings?

LOS ANGELES—Delaney and Bonnie and Friends, after only one album for Elektra, probably will be leaving that company this month to join Atlantic.

This puts the gospel-country-blues group on its third label in less than a year's time, and if the transfer takes place as expected, it will be the second Elektra act to go to Atlantic the past few months—the first being the MCS.

At press time, a "negotiated release" had been drafted by Elektra and Bonnie and Delaney's management. All that was missing was the signature of Elektra president Jac Holzman, which was expected as soon as Delaney and Bonnie paid an undisclosed sum to Elektra to cover its expenses in recording and promoting the band.

Because the release hadn't been signed, however, Atlantic president Ahmet Ertegun would discuss the group's projected move only in the most guarded of terms. He admitted having met with one of the band's managers, Alan Pariser, but described the talks only as being in the "possibly formative" stage.

(Ertegun's position is easily understood, in that he could be sued for collusion if it could be shown he had in any way enticed Delaney and Bonnie away from Elektra. As it happens, both Pariser and Ertegun say it was Pariser who made the first move.)

Reasons for the band's leaving Elektra largely seemed to be rooted in a belief that the album (*The Original Delaney & Bonnie, Accept No Substitute*) hadn't sold well, and what Delaney called "broken promises."

"I can't say there's no hard feelings," Delaney said. "There are some. It's a matter of promises I was given before I went with them. I said at that time I'd have to leave if those promises weren't kept. I guess they took it kind of lightly."

"I hate to get into what the promises were. Some I can tell you. Promotion for one. They told us in front they didn't know how to deal with our kind of music and they asked if we'd help. We said yes and they didn't follow through on our ideas. I don't think I could go into what happened exactly. I don't want to hurt anybody."

"Besides that, though, we went out on the road on a promotion tour and I saw what was going on in the field. They have pretty bad distribution, you know. Their artistic people are the greatest, but I don't know about sales. I was forced to leave. Call it pride or ego, I don't know. But I couldn't wait around any more."

David Anderle, Elektra's head of A&R and the man largely responsible for bringing Delaney and Bonnie to that label, viewed the prospective departure with mixed feelings, but seemed to agree with Delaney on most points, at least generally.

"It's hard for me to talk about it, I'm so emotionally involved," he said. "The whole thing is they want to get with a company that can give them more sales. Jac feels we did everything that a record company could do for an act."

"I told Jac to let them go one day, next day I'd change my mind, I wanted them here. But they were up against the wall financially. Delaney was afraid of losing his band. And Jac understood that, he knew exactly what that pressure was like. Jac's feeling has always been if an act isn't happy, let them go. There weren't any violations of the contract. It just came down to a people level. I'm really impressed by the way this has been handled. There's been no shouting, no finger-pointing. It's stayed on a human level."

Just about all Ertegun would say was, "As of this moment we may not have a deal. It's happened before: Later we find out there are other companies involved. Yes, there's been talk, but they're not free yet, but it's only, right now, at the possibly formative stage."

Both Ertegun and Anderle did make one additional point, however, saying Eric Clapton was a definite factor in the prospective switch. Clapton and Delaney and Bonnie became good friends during the Blind Faith tour, recorded several songs together, and Clapton will be producing the band in an upcoming European tour. Because they plan to continue working together, it was believed by all sides that, as Anderle put it, "they'd be much happier under the same roof."



Black Panther Elaine Brown: 'If I'm not dead, I expect to be in jail'

Blunt Music from A Black Panther

BY ELIOT TIEGEL

LOS ANGELES—"When I first started writing songs," Elaine Brown says, "I was writing about the things which white people understood, like love and flowers and the sky and a lot of teen-aged junk. Today, I'm finished with that crap."

Elaine Brown, a Black Panther, is 26 and has been writing songs since she was a 14-year-old in Philadelphia. A deputy minister of information for the Party in Los Angeles, Elaine has joined the ranks black Americans using the medium of recordings to get across a point—social injustices and the plight of the black man in the United States.

She has recorded an album, *Seize the Time*, on a small label called Vault Records, and she is giving all profits from the LP's sales to the Panthers for their free breakfasts for ghetto children.

"Look," she says before starting to unwind in Vault's small recording studio. "The only reason I'm recording these songs is because it will give the Party a chance to speak to lots of people in a new way."

Elaine's songs reflect the philosophies of the Black Panthers. Eldridge Cleaver, minister of information, is writing the liner notes for the LP from his home-in-exile in Algiers. A San Francisco Panther, Emory Douglas, is designing the album cover. But Elaine says her record is not just for blacks, but for all people. "I haven't really written these songs," she says. "The people have written them. I'm only mouthing what the people feel and say."

What oppressed black people feel and say about the white man isn't exactly sugar-sugar Top 40 material. As expected, a number of record companies rejected the songs and the idea of a Panther album. But Vault Record's president, Jack Lewerke, says he saw beauty and truth in Elaine's lyrics. "Elaine is not just angry and she's not spitting in your eye," he says. "The songs are beautifully done, and she has an ability to write meaningful lyrics." Still, Lewerke admits it may be difficult to get the album airplay. *Seize the Time* will probably find exposure only on FM "progressive rock" stations.

Exposure of her messages is important to Elaine. Still, she feels that "There is no cultural activity which can turn society around. People are just going to have to see the contradictions themselves."

"Seize The Time" is the lead song from her album and is a good indicator of the

way her poetic mind works. "Seize the time . . . the time is now," she sings, a hard-driving jazz band behind her. "People have been standing around and allowed politicians and the pigs to exploit them. They have to realize that they have the power to control their own lives, and they have the power to take back the things they've lost," she explains. These are the kinds of thoughts Elaine Brown sings about. She also sings of "A Very Black Man," "And All Stood Still," "The Panther," and "The Black Panther National Anthem." This latter song subtitled, "The Meeting," was inspired, Elaine says, when she met Eldridge Cleaver.

"The Panther," Elaine feels, reflects the devotion of the people in the Party to "put their lives on the line for freedom. The song says to the people, 'Wake up and come around.'"

"And All Stood By" is a commentary on the lethargic state of many of her people who have not fought harder to get out of their ghetto state. "For hundreds of years people have been standing around being murdered and exploited by avaricious politicians and the police. This doesn't have to be. In my song, 'The End of Silence,' I'm telling the people they have the power to get the things they need and want. People have been standing around when they could be taking the things that are theirs; they could be determining their own destinies."

Elaine Brown's voice is rich and deep and her pronunciation is razor-sharp. "Seize the time/the time is now," she shouts once the recording session begins.

"Now" is accentuated very hard. There are two young men in combat boots sitting in the studio's control room. They sit rigid, unemotional, unaffected by the driving beat of the music or the impact of Elaine Brown's words. They are members of the Party who accompanied her to the studio and they just don't seem to be too enthralled with the technical side of the music business.

"Recording this album is a good thing," Elaine says, "because it will give us a chance to talk about things. It certainly won't liberate black Elaine Brown."

Miss Brown hopes the album will cause whites to think about the world in which they live. "You see, we relate to class differences not color differences," she explains. "If the people don't wake up, the pigs will destroy this world with their madness. We black people have no vested interest in the system. But we do have the power to destroy. And because we have no vested interest and we don't care, we will destroy, baby, if things don't improve."

Elaine would like to be alive to enjoy the fruits of her musical labors. On an afternoon not too long ago, she commented that she didn't think she would be alive at this time next year. Why such a morbid thought? "Seven brothers have died in LA that were alive and in the Party last year," she replied. "Seven I knew very well. If I'm not dead, I expect to be in jail. When we talk about being part of the struggle as the vanguard for a revolutionary state, we expect to get killed. That's the price of speaking out. The reward is that you become freer the more you let yourself out. Even if you live a short period of time, you know that your goals of liberating a new society are real. For that knowledge the price is you don't live very long."

At 26, Elaine Brown's poetry in music is a strong statement reaching out for recognition.

White Panther On the Lam

DETROIT—John Sinclair has stepped in it again—this time finding himself on the receiving end of a charge that he had something to do with dynamite bombing Ann Arbor's CIA office.

Sinclair, minister of information for the White Panthers and former manager of the MCS, currently is serving a 10-year sentence at Marquette State Prison for possessing grass.

Sinclair had company in this new charge: Panther defense minister Pun Plamondon, and Panther member John Forrest. Plamondon is currently the subject of an FBI search that ranges across several states.

Plamondon faces two counts in the grand jury indictment, the first saying he, Forrest and Sinclair "did combine, conspire, confederate and agree" to bomb the CIA office in September 1968. This charge alone could put each of them away for five years and cost them \$10,000 apiece in fines.

The second count names only Plamondon and charges him with carrying out the actual bombing, causing \$6,000 in damage. This count is good for 10 years and another \$10,000 fine.

One other Detroit resident, David Valler, was named as a co-conspirator, but was not included in the indictment. It was believed that Valler, also presently in jail on a dope charge, provided much of the evidence that led to the indictment.


Since going to the slam, Valler has written a number of drugs-ruined-my-life yarns for the Detroit News.

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Moratorium: The Beat Went On

SAN FRANCISCO—For the rock and roll industry, it was business not quite-as-usual on Moratorium Day, October 15th. A majority of record companies, record stores, radio stations, and other rock-oriented operations paused to participate—in varying degrees—in the demonstrations around the country.

Most record companies stayed open but gave employees as much time off as they wanted for participation in Moratorium activities. At Atlantic Records in New York, president Ahmet Ertegun put out no official statement on the protest, but said, "We gave everyone a day off beginning at one o'clock. That's when most of the demonstrations were starting. We didn't exactly close down, because it was a regular sales date and we had to get our products out." As a gesture, however, the company flew its flag (designated an historic landmark in Hollywood because of A&M's location on Charlie Chaplin's old home and studio) at half-mast. Employees were allowed the day off if they wished; most worked.

The option also held at Mercury, both at Chicago headquarters and in the New York office.

Elektra Records' David Anderle reported that people reported for work in Los Angeles, but "There was a sign on the door saying we were closed for the Moratorium. Our New York offices were closed down half the day and we had an ad in the New York Times saying we should get the fuck out of Vietnam—only not exactly in those words."

And at Columbia Records in Los Angeles, under-assistant west coast PR man Michael Ochs reported: "We were told that anybody who felt morally committed to take the day off could do so. Same thing went in New York. I showed up at work, because I was coordinating things for my brother Phil, who went around to four campuses to sing at rallies."

Most record shops were closed. Tower, the biggest in San Francisco, which proudly advertises itself as open every day of the year, was shut down. Gramophone, which has a chain of three stores, closed all three, although, according to owner Dean Stanatopoulos, "We took a beating for it financially. But—they're my customers and I supported them."

Rock entrepreneurs such as the omnipresent, omnipotent Bill Graham gave the Moratorium full salutes. Graham closed his staff offices and box offices at both the Fillmore West and Fillmore East. "But I was at the office myself and played switchboard girl," he said. "I stuck around because there was a lot of work to do for the Rolling Stones concerts—poster art work coming in, publicity, all that..."

Graham's auditoriums weren't affected this time, Wednesday being an off-night for the Fillmores, but he's in a dilemma for the next Moratorium, scheduled for two days in mid-November. The reason: the previously-cancelled Crosby Stills Nash & Young are set at Winterland those nights. "At this point I don't know what I'm going to do. Maybe I'll give the proceeds to somebody—don't know who yet—on behalf of the Moratorium's cause."

Another major music figure touched by the Moratorium was Albert Grossman. "We weren't closed," one of his employees said, "but everybody—including Grossman—went to various events. The biggest one was at Bryant Park late in the afternoon, and most of us went to that one. In general, we worked until Grossman came in, and he led us right out."

The old Fillmore Auditorium, now being run by the Flamin' Groovies, was open, but for a free Moratorium event featuring 14 local bands, including the Groovies, the Cleanliness and Godliness Skiffle Band, Womb and Pyewacket.

Radio stations were divided right down the AM/FM line: FM's, predictably, went all-out to support the protest, AM's played it safe and straight. KMPX-FM, braving possible sponsor backlash, threw out all commercials and ran only public service peace-oriented spots. KSAN-FM did the same. With pre-recorded "man in the street" interviews, special news reports, and message music, KSAN put together, in effect a day-long documentary on peace.



Janis: More than a coincidental resemblance

'Janis Joplin Story'—Minus Janis

LOS ANGELES—A confusing trade-paper ad alluding to a TV drama on "the Janis Joplin Story" may result in a lawsuit by Janis against the manager of a Hollywood actress.

The ad appeared in two tabloids, the daily Hollywood Reporter and the Daily Variety, on September 26, plugging actress Sharon Farrow's role in NBC's

Name of the Game drama series. A photo of Miss Farrow—bearing more than a coincidental resemblance to Miss Joplin—was accompanied by the words "The Janis Joplin Story."

The drama itself, however, made no reference to Janis. Entitled "Hard Case of the Blues," Miss Farrow played the part of a freaked-out, bitchy blues singer

involved in the death of a boy friend

With a connection made through the ad, however, Janis' attorney, Robert E. Gordon, phoned Miss Farrow's manager—Joe Wander—to find out what was going on. Instead of an apology, Gordon said, he was told to go to hell.

He's considering action against Wander for "defamation, invasion of privacy, and interference with a business relationship."

On the AM band, KFRC, adhering to RKO General's policy, allowed no editorial comments by their jocks. Program Director Ted Atkins said everyone at KFRC (about 30 employees) worked because "political beliefs should not be carried into work. Everyone had a job to do that day and they came to work."

By way of contrast, KRLA in Pasadena aired listeners' thoughts on the Moratorium and played "appropriate music—generally down-tempo, peace oriented records," according to program director Johnny Durin. "Our DJ's stayed away from personal opinions, acting more like catalysts between the community and the station, but we did have a list of local war dead that we read over the intro of records, and our staff had the option of taking the day off. Everyone worked, though, because what we were doing was contributing to the Moratorium."

Creedence: Show Biz in Denver

BY RICHARD KRECK

DENVER—The city was in the throes of one of its worst snowstorms in recent history but 11,000 turned out to see Creedence Clearwater Revival in a concert that may mark the start of something for Rocky Mountain rock.

The October 4th concert was the first to be held in the Denver Coliseum, a concrete structure which looks as if it might have been used to store ammunition in World War I. Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young are due November 26th, and the Rolling Stones (ooooohh-aaaaahh, the crowd said) before then.

The initial offering, held at the end of the storm which dropped 16 inches of snow on the city, showed that the building is far from ideal but is sort of a take-it-or-leave-it proposition.

City of Denver officials and the rock-music community have not been friends since incidents at a James Brown concert a while back and the turmoil over last summer's pop festival. As a result, the city has banned groups which it feels may cause similar trouble from all its facilities except the Coliseum.

So far no one has been able to find another place to put on concerts and make money at it. A Joe Cocker concert at a roller rink two months ago was a financial bust (at \$4 a head) and the

seating (just about center rink) left the audience in agony.

Creedence—which gave a fantastic performance at the festival in June—turned in another excellent effort. They sounded, as they say, just like on the radio.

They opened with "Born on the Bayou"; after that it was name one and they probably did it—all to the accompaniment of hand-clapping and a gasp of delight and recognition after the first few chords. The audience ate it up. Creedence and the audience were really grooving together, despite the stupidity of a revolving stage which periodically was turned to face one-third of the capacity audience-in-the-round.

The sound was indeed odd. One minute everything was fine and the next it was impossible to distinguish Fogarty's lyrics on a piece as familiar as "Bad Moon Rising."

Promoter Barry Fey, who has a reputation locally for putting on a good show, apologized for the spinning stage and for the acoustics, but said everything was still experimental and will be better next time.

Redding On Jimi: 'I Said Stuff It'

BY RITCHIE YORKE

LONDON—It was an experience, yes, but it was no picnic to have been Jimi Hendrix' bass player for three years. In the end, it developed that there was no way Noel Redding could continue with the Experience.

"Jimi is a very good guitarist, but he was very hard to work with," said Redding. "I think he suffers from a split personality. He's a genius guitarist and his writing is very good, but he whips himself. He gets everybody around him very uptight because he worries about everything. God knows why."

"I could never understand why he worried so much. I mean, we were earning a fortune on the road. On three occasions, we earned over \$100,000 for a single performance. In the last 12 months, I don't think we ever copped less than \$25,000 for a night's work."

"The recording sessions were chaos, and on stage, it was getting ridiculous. The audience wanted us to play the old Hendrix standards, but Jimi wanted to do his new stuff. The last straw came at the Denver Pop Festival when Jimi told a reporter that he was going to en-

large the band... without even consulting myself or our drummer, Much Mitchell.

"I went up to Jimi that night, said goodbye, and caught the next plane back to London. I don't think Jimi believed I'd do it. Later on, he phoned and asked me to come back, but I said stuff it."

"I already had plans to get into my own thing. I'd formed a band late last year and we cut an album in December." The album will be released shortly. The original English Polydor jacket folds out into a cardboard poster, four times the size of a normal album cover.

Redding's new group is the Fat Mat-tress. "It's quite simple really," explained Jim Leverton, "Seven years ago, some friends of mine went on a camping safari to Morocco. They accumulated an incredible amount of hashish, and they had no idea how to get it back into England. So they started to stuff this mattress they had with the hash, and it became known as the fat mattress."

"But we're all nice boys in Fat Mat-tress," quipped Redding, scratching his rampant locks. "There's no hairy hippies here, mate. You might call us a co-operative society. We came together with the purpose of writing songs, and it progressed into a band. We're a quartet—there's Neil Landon, Eric Dillon, Jim Leverton and myself."

They have been working on stage for about six weeks now, and have done some TV work. An American tour is planned for November, and meanwhile they're busy cutting their second album.

"It's all happened very quickly for us—even faster than it did with Hendrix. The Experience started off in September of 1966 and it took us almost a year to get to the States. With Fat Mattress, it's only going to take a few months."

And what of Mitch Mitchell, the Experience drummer whom Hendrix announced recently was on the firing line? "Well," said Redding, with a grin, "I hear that Mitch is still working with Jimi and his new band, which is all colored."

"The problem with Much, and with Jimi too, is that they never saved any money. As fast as they got it, it was spent. But not me, mate. I've got me Rolls and I've got quite a kitty in the bank. I'm alright."

"Actually, I don't want you to think there's anything nasty between Jimi and I. We're still good friends. It's just that we can't work together anymore."



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James Taylor Crash: Breaks Both Hands

MARTHA'S VINEYARD, Mass. — It may be several more months before James Taylor will be able to perform, following a mini-bike accident here in which he broke both his hands.

Although the accident happened two months ago, doctors say they don't know if the bones have mended correctly. Casts were to be removed in late October and it was then to be determined whether or not an operation would be necessary.

The accident was Taylor's second on the mini-bike in less than six months. In the first, also here at Martha's Vineyard, where Taylor's family lives, the singer-songwriter-guitarist suffered only scrapes and bruises.

On a more cheerful note, Taylor's record producer and personal manager, Peter Asher, reports Taylor has signed a music publishing contract with Robins Music, part of MGM, for whom Asher works as head of A&R. Although MGM Records is currently looking for new artists, however, latest reports are that Taylor has agreed to go with Warner Brothers. In any case, it seems definite he will be leaving Apple. Taylor was Apple's first artist.

Early Blues Artist Skip James Dies

PHILADELPHIA—Skip James, blues singer of the Twenties and composer of "I'm So Glad," died early this month at the University of Pennsylvania Hospital. He was 67.

James (real first name: Nehemiah) made a few records early in his career, but then sank into anonymity when he returned to his birthplace, Mississippi. It wasn't until 1964 that he was rediscovered and began touring again.

He appeared in various folk and blues festivals, including Newport, and, in 1967, toured Europe with the American Folk Blues Festival. That year, his "I'm So Glad" was recorded by Cream.

Chess Records' Co-Founder Dies

CHICAGO—Leonard Chess, one of the founders of the pioneer Chicago blues, jazz, and R&B label bearing his name, died of a heart attack here October 16th. He was 52.

Leonard and his brother Phil immigrated to the U.S. in 1928 from Poland. In 1948, they formed the Chess label, their first record being a soul version of "My Foolish Heart" done by tenor saxophonist Gene Ammons.

A short time later, Chess discovered Chuck Berry and developed the label into a major factor in the recording of rhythm and blues, along with Atlantic, Imperial, and others. The Chess-Checker-Cadet aggregation of labels also helped establish Chicago as a music center.

Leonard and Phil Chess actually entered the record business two years before the formation of Chess, when they operated the Aristocrat label, also in Chicago. Aristocrat accounted for no hits but did discover Muddy Waters, who went on to become one of Chess' most important blues artists. Other artists on the label were Howlin' Wolf, Willie Dixon, Archer Crump, Otis Spann, Jimmie Rodgers, Bo Diddley, and Willie Mabon. The Moonglows, the Flamingos, and the Cornells were among other artists in the Chess-Checker-Cadet family.

Chess was an independent label in the most refreshing sense of the word. The founding brothers often distributed their earliest records by car to their Chicago South Side accounts. Leonard Chess also went on the road through the south to hunt talent and do "remote" recordings. He discovered Howlin' Wolf on one trip and recorded Archer Crump on another.

Their company continued to grow in the Fifties, expanding to contract such jazz artists as Ramsey Lewis, Ahmad Jamal, Wes Montgomery, and Ray Bryant. The Chess brothers opened and operated the Macomb Club which booked such artists as Lionel Hampton, Charlie Parker, Louis Armstrong, and Ella Fitzgerald. They also owned the L&P Broadcasting Company, with radio stations in Chicago and Milwaukee. The

Chess labels were acquired early this year by the GRT organization.

Leonard Chess is survived by his wife Revetta, two daughters, a son (Marshall, a vice president of Chess), and his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Chess.



BY AMBROSE HOLLINGWORTH

Weirdly beautiful, compelling, powerful and mysterious; the Eighth House of Heaven is the most occult, perhaps even by far the most important of the Twelve. For Scorpio is the secret of the Creation itself. Neither playground nor laboratory nor message center, the physical body is the living temple of the Living Body. Scorpio represents the altar of the Holy Inner Sanctum. Let those who enter, enter in spirit and truth.

Scorpio is the key to birth and death, each to be found in the other. Birth and death are only interruptions of the life of a human being. The same forces which generate a mortal body through the process of reproduction can regenerate an immortal body through the processes of transmutation. The very same forces which most everyone carries. This transmutation requires control, refinement and re-direction of these forces. Those who attempt such a thing prematurely or in ignorance are candidates for violent disorders of the mind and body.

So the real value of Scorpio is seldom realized because we keep the wrapping and abandon the gift within. Men who seek out Scorpio women (and vice versa) because of the anticipated preoccupation with physical sex are doing them no favors, only contributing to the Earth-binding of a soul.

Intensity of purpose is the clue to the Scorpio presence. Children of fiery Mars, sprung from water and the red star's burning, from far away they come streaming, in long glittering yet dark processions from inconceivable homes into the great danger; the incarnation! Down through the under-depths of Cre-

ation then twisting, turning up and faster and into the strange light of Earth. Never fully incarnating, never quite here, Scorpio like all Water Signs is often confused by seeing into two worlds at the same time and not having any standard by which to tell which is which.

To know a Scorpio (or a Capricorn) is possible but unlikely. However, a Scorpio friend is usually all you need to accomplish or destroy. The power which scattered itself to be the Creation is also pulling itself back together to accomplish evolution, the reunion of the Creator and the Creation.

Scorpio consciousness does not articulate its awareness the way most of the rest of us do. It's an awareness of emotional impression rather than of actual circumstances or environment. Unless one is also a Scorpio or else is used to this, no practical information passes. To know a Scorpio is to know the way through secret lands at night when the shapes of things seem different, and sounds are deceiving, the eyes squint and find they see better when they look to one side of things. From somewhere comes the muffled roar of falling water. A shadow passes across the Moon. You realize there in the darkness that you've lost the way. But you never whimper or drop your sword. For you have a secret which no one else knows which will save you.

Scorpio is the secret weapon of the Light which is carried in the pouch of the Fool of the Tarot. It's also the secret weapon of the Shadow for all weapons have two edges and only the means can ever justify the means. All means are ends and all ends are means in themselves. No long range plan of man is ever worth the slightest human suffering or fear, for such is the jurisdiction of the Lords of Karma. Misuse of the Forces of Creation returns as a malignant cold fire, destroying life by reversing it or by over-multiplying it.

Perhaps the next most obtrusive after Aries, whatever we may feel about the Scorpions among us, we cannot ignore them. Routine procedures, such as breathing or crossing a room become big attention-getting productions because of the colossal and seemingly undue intensity which they bring to bear on anything worth paying attention to. The briefest of conversations can be exhausting when in the grip of the Eighth Sign. It may be wondered what they do between crises unless we understand there is no between, no hanging out. If we want to help a lot we can provide a resting place, we can be an unwavering lifetime confidential friend who might not see the images or feel the same impression but who knows they're really there. The loyalty of the Scorpion is like a sword and shield.

It is taught in the mystery schools of the West that the Earth-scheme of the Creation was created by creator-gods of the Hierarchies of Leo, Scorpio and Capricorn.

Blue-green, G-natural, Cactus, radish, hot spices, flying saucers, wolf, reptiles,

scorpion, eagle, hawk, falcon, 13th Tarot Trump, 5, 6, 7, of Cups of the Tarot, and on the Tree of Life of the Hebrew Kabbalah, Scorpio is included on the 24th Path which connects the Spheres of Venus and the Sun.

New Underground Blast Reported

LOS ANGELES—Three persons, one of them the editor of the Los Angeles Free Press, have been indicted on felony theft charges resulting in part from publication of a list of narcs and their home addresses and phone numbers.

Jerry Reznick, 23-year-old former mail clerk in the state attorney's office here, faces two charges of stealing government records and Art Kurkin, the "Free Press" publisher and editor, and Jerry Applebaum, one of his reporters, are accused of receiving stolen property. The Free Press, as a corporation, was indicted on the same charges.

Two More Men Rolling Stoned

SAN FRANCISCO—ROLLING STONE has added an assistant art director and a distribution manager to its staff.

The artist, working with Robert Kingsbury, is Jon Goodchild, formerly with the magazine's London office. Goodchild, 29, was previously art director for Help, Oz, and Image magazines in London. He learned his stuff at the Guildford School of Art in Surrey.

Bruce Grimes is ROLLING STONE's distribution man, and he'll be in charge of getting more copies of the magazine, sooner, to more newsstands. While at the University of California, Davis, Grimes produced a number of successful rock and roll concerts; more recently, he was active in promotion for San Francisco rock events.

Record stores, book stores, grocery stores, garden supply centers, auto parts dealers and independent distributors who would like to handle ROLLING STONE should contact Bruce at our San Francisco office, (415) 552-2970. He's a nice boy, a good listener and he can make that vital connection.

In the Next Issue:

The ROLLING STONE Interview with Bob Dylan—the transcript of a four-hour conversation with Jann Wenner will be the main feature in our next issue.

The interview, Bob's first major one in over three years, will mark the second anniversary of ROLLING STONE. If you are not a subscriber and want to be certain of getting the special anniversary issue with Bob's lengthy interview, send 50c to: Dylan Issue, 746 Brannan Street, San Francisco, California 94103.

BUZZ CLIFFORD HAS ARRIVED!

Songwriter BUZZ CLIFFORD walks alone with a special kind of talent. He has turned his back on the old to create something new for today. Lou Rawls, The Friends Of Distinction, Ruby & The Romantics, Glenn Yarborough, Anita Kerr, Clyde McPhatter, The Brooklyn Bridge - they walk with him - tomorrow others!

Buzz Clifford's
"ECHO PARK"
recorded by
KEITH BARBOUR
on EPIC

His First Album As A
Writer-Performer
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Owsley Guilty: 67½ Righteous Grams

SAN FRANCISCO—Augustus Owsley Stanley III, who told narc raiders "I make the purest acid for my family and friends" when they nabbed him in suburban Orinda, California, with 67 and a half grams of LSD in 1967; was convicted early in October on three charges.

Sentencing for Owsley and three others will take place on November 7th, at U.S. District Court here. They have been found guilty of possession, manufacture and conspiring to make and sell acid. Each charge carries a maximum penalty of \$1000 and a year in jail.

The Grateful Dead have immortalized Mr. Stanley, who ordinarily goes by his middle name, in an unrecorded song, "Alice D. Millionaire."

Thirteen agents broke into Owsley's secret, secluded "factory" on December 21, 1967, to confront an amazed Owsley. "How," he is said to have demanded, "did you find my place? Even though you have a search warrant, I consider you uninvited guests in my house."

Associates later noted that the bust was a terrific blow to Owsley's pride. He had made all his lab equipment portable and kept pretty steadily on the move in order to keep one jump ahead of the authorities. He took glee in the "chase," and maintained the attitude that they'd never catch him.

Along with enough acid to produce 700,000 tabs, the state and federal narcs grabbed a quantity of STP, which was, at that time, still legal. Owsley pleaded, "Please, only take the contraband." In their testimony during the trial, officers said Owsley further told them his formulas adhered rigorously to Federal Food and Drug Administration standards.

Other witnesses for the prosecution even attested to the purity and righteousness of Owsley's product. Somehow, in the web of evidence the state had prepared, the whole case against Owsley seemed to hang on a single fingerprint found on confiscated laboratory equipment.

A fingerprint expert was called in and did a convincing job of linking Owsley and the print.

The defense relied entirely on technical challenges concerning the legality of the search and seizure and whether the LSD was in fact LSD. It was a trial without jury, and Judge William T. Sweigert was evidently unimpressed with allegations of impropriety on the part of the narcs. None of the co-defendants took the stand to testify.

Found guilty as co-defendants along with the 33-year-old Owsley, are Robert W. Massey, Robert D. Thomas, and William Spires.

US, Mexico Resume Peaceful Trade

WASHINGTON—Operation Intercept, one of the most *estupido* tactics employed by the U.S. Government in its latest anti-dope drive, has been halted.

Intercept, launched September 21st, involved thorough car-by-car searches at border crossings along the 2500 mile U.S.-Mexico border. The campaign yielded very little in the way of contraband drugs, but it resulted in innumerable hassles at the border, protests from Mexican officials, and anti-U.S. demonstrations by Mexican labor and professional groups.

Monumental traffic jams all but closed the border—traffic backing up as much as six miles. Mexican businessmen charged the campaign with stopping tourism and ruining the country's economy.

The announcement, made through a joint statement issued by both governments, followed four days of discussions between Mexican and American officials. They conceded that the crackdown had caused "irritations and frictions" and agreed to hold a meeting to map out new strategies on October 27th in Mexico City.

Until then, the statement said, "The United States will adjust its procedures for inspection of pedestrian and vehicular traffic, as well as regularly scheduled commercial sea and air travelers, in order to eliminate unnecessary inconvenience, delay, and irritation."

For its part, Mexico said it would intensify its own enforcement programs against drugs. A few days later, Defense Minister General Marcelino Barragan an-



ROBERT ALTMAN

nounced that Mexican troops had located and burned an estimated 65 tons of marijuana on a farm in Guerrero, a southwest Mexican state. The farm was owned by an unidentified American, who apparently escaped when he smelled the wild fire.

Donovan's 'Trippy' Anti-Trip Trip

NEW YORK — Donovan wants to make "trippy" educational films warning pre-teen kids of the perils of drugs.

For the second year in a row, the Scottish minstrel called a press conference upon his arrival in New York for his annual concert. This year he addressed the press corps from under a bower of plastic leaves in the Cottage Room of Hampshire House, a hotel facing Central Park.

One of the first questioners asked him what his plans for development are. Education films, said Donovan, but not to make money.

"You don't mean like high school audio visual aids, do you?"

"Well, yeah. I would like to step into the Health Department and give myself up as an image to ban drugs . . . I'm going to use my news value to do something."

"People are insulting their bodies in the name of God, people should try meditation instead of LSD," he said. "Jesus meditated and still turns the world on . . . you got to teach how to transcend."

But Don will not forsake mind-blowing. "They will be trippy films, with great images, great words, great music." Further, he announced, he was planning to see President Nixon the next week.

Donovan said he is primarily concerned with the coming generation, those who are now only around nine years old. "They should be saved," he said.

Nixon Going Soft On Dope Smokers

WASHINGTON — President Richard M. Nixon, possibly mindful of an 8-point drop in popularity since midsummer (according to the Gallup Poll), is proposing lowering the penalty for holding marijuana from a felony to a misdemeanor.

The new proposal, which is being fronted by the usual anonymous "spokesmen," would allow first offenders to avoid criminal records if they keep their noses clean while they are on probation.

Though Nixon has yet to voice himself on the subject, the measure clearly has his support, and is a marked change from the days, three or four years ago, when any remark concerning dope always included a reference to the "dealers of misery and despair."

Penalties on "professional criminals" busted for dope would remain stiff—5-20 years on a first offense, 10-40 for second offenders. But the new law would reclassify marijuana from the status of a narcotic to an hallucinogenic drug, a less "hard" designation.

One Washington observer reports to ROLLING STONE that Congressional attitudes on dope have shifted markedly in just the past few weeks. "A lot of Congressmen and Senators say privately they're for legalizing, or at least making it a misdemeanor instead of a felony," he says.

"But in the past they've been afraid of the public reaction. Outside of a few enclaves like New York and San Francisco, most humble American people think marijuana turns you into a fiend."

With the President taking a more enlightened view, some Congressmen have even begun to speak out. One of these, Representative Robert Nix (Democrat, Pennsylvania), forthrightly says "I don't see how you can say it's a crime to either possess or use this drug. I want someone to justify that use and possession is a crime. No one has ever done that. I don't see how anyone can."

Representative Nix called for an end to anti-dope laws which in truth only discriminate against the young.

Not all politicians are currently so mellow about dope, though. New York Mayor John V. Lindsay, a liberal from whom repressive measures are not generally expected, has called for a New York version of Operation Intercept, aimed at getting four times as many Justice Department dope agents as presently roam the city, increasing the number to 1000. Eventually he hopes for 3000.



"I don't think I've been to a social gathering where marijuana wasn't openly used during the past three years," Janet Margolin, star of *David and Lisa*, *Take the Money and Run* and other films, told a New York hearing of the Senate Subcommittee of Alcoholism and Drug Abuse. Her husband, Jerry Brandt, founder of the Electric Circus, told the committee that the weed "enhances one's creative abilities and enables one to make connections he couldn't otherwise make." When asked whether pot drains drive and ambition, Brandt replied "Well, I would say that 99 per cent of the creative people in the entertainment business are quite ambitious—" "—and quite stoned," his wife added . . . 200,000 advance orders on the single "We Love You; Call Collect" b/w "Dear Mom and Dad" cut by Art Linkletter

and his daughter Diane, who offed herself by jumping from a sixth-floor window on acid. Record has to do with her dropping out and tuning in. Capitol, eager to cash in, bought rights to it from tiny Word Records of Waco, Texas. Should be a monster . . . Michael Charles McLuhan, son of media theorist Marshal McLuhan (*The Medium is the Message*, *The Medium is the Massage*, *The Electronic Bride* and other books) was busted in Toronto for trafficking and dealing acid. The medium is the message . . . Miracle drug: A wonderful new aphrodisiac has been discovered, and easy to synthesize, too. Equal parts of sweet butter and margarine. Method of application is to rub it on the clitoris for three hours, and it's guaranteed . . . Sequel to Operation Intercept: California's incredibly right-wing Superintendent of Public Instruction (he's in charge of all the schools) Max Rafferty has put forward a marvelous new plan for raids on school lockers—with cops in on the hunt—in search of stashes—it's called Project Turnoff. Max seems to be hooked on the idea. "Project Turnoff cannot be a one-time shot," he says . . . The Wall Street Journal editorializes: "All in all, marijuana seems about as serious a crime as, say, public drunkenness, and ought to be treated as such." Buttsht. Smokers are funky and pretty. Lushes slobber and get nasty. Trouble with the Wall Street Journal is they're all hooked on martinis. If you got any spare joints, stick one in an envelope addressed to the Journal—to a specific department if you like—30 Broad Street, New York, New York, 10004 . . .

Hawaiian Plant for Jefferson Airplane

OAHU, Hawaii—Jefferson Airplane guitarist Paul Kantner was busted and charged with possession of marijuana after a weird cat-and-mouse game outside the Airplane's rented house here October 18th.

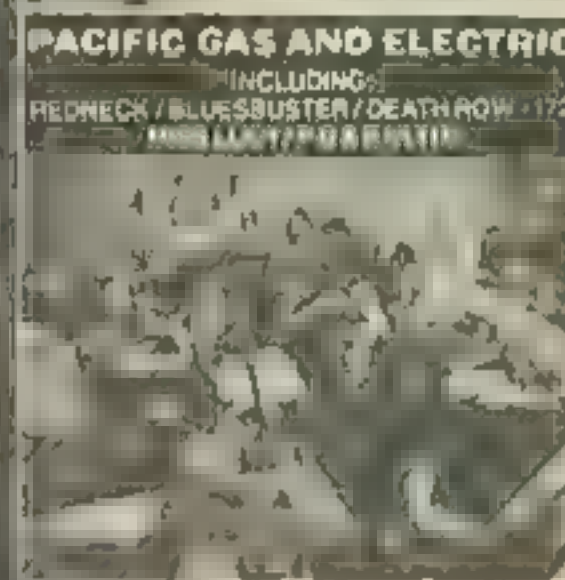
Police say Kantner was caught crawling through bushes with a joint between his lips, but the Airplane had a completely different account.

Cops and narcs were known to be casing their house, rented for their concert stay in Hawaii, since the band's arrival, and after the concert Saturday night a group of people left the house to check out reports of narc cars and agents sneaking around. Kantner stumbled onto two camera-armed men on a seawall; they arrested him, jumped him, choked him, and held him while a crowd gathered. A search, manager Bill Thompson said, produced nothing, but later on one narc victoriously flashed a joint, and Kantner was taken to jail, where he was held with no charges. After numerous hassles, he was charged with possession and released on \$100 bail. The Airplane, still fuming at "the outrageous plant," cancelled their remaining gig on the island.

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Blues is the way you feel. Not the way you look.

What does a twenty-five year old white girl from London know about black blues from Mississippi? That's not really the question, even though most "experts" will tell you that the only people who can sing the country blues were born in Mississippi or Chicago 50 years ago. Blues doesn't know race, religion, sex, color or national origin. It was born of suffering. And when you listen to blues, you can hear a person saying something that's real. Jo-Ann Kelly is a young white girl from England. She plays guitar, writes, and sings like Robert Johnson, Sunnyland Slim, Roosevelt Holts. She's got the blues.

Jo-Ann
Kelly



EPIC RECORDS



PHOTOGRAPHS BY ED CARAEFF



The Stones Tour: 'Is That A Lot?'

BY JERRY HOPKINS

LOS ANGELES—The Rolling Stones have returned to the United States for their first tour in more than three years.

It begins with two evening shows at the Forum in Los Angeles November 8th, with tickets priced from \$5.50 to \$8.50. (This compares to a \$7.50 top price for a Blind Faith concert in the same arena, a \$6.50 top for the Doors. And in both those concerts, tickets started at \$3.50.) In arranging this show, a previously-set hockey game between the Los Angeles Kings and the New York Rangers was rescheduled—at the request of the man who owns both the Forum and the Kings.

Acts appearing at the concerts here will include Terry Reid, who will appear on all the dates, and the Ike and Tina Turner Revue. Negotiations were continuing to have Ike and Tina B. B. King and Chuck Berry join the Stones in several other cities.

Promoters of the L.A. concerts said the gross for the evening would exceed \$275,000 if the Stones filled the 18,000 seats in the Forum both shows. Similar grosses, on a per show basis, were expected throughout the tour, with the Stones getting guarantees of \$25,000 a concert and up, against take home percentages running close to \$60,000.

Although figures such as these are not unusual for tours by groups of this magnitude, they did bring strong criticism from, among others, Ralph Gleason in the San Francisco Chronicle.

"Can the Rolling Stones actually need all that money?" Gleason asked. "If they really dig the black musicians as much as every note they play and every syllable they utter indicates, is it possible to take out a show with, say, Ike and Tina and some of the older men like Howlin' Wolf and let them share

in the loot? How much can the Stones take back to Merrie England after taxes, anyway? How much must the British manager and the American manager and the agency rake off the top?

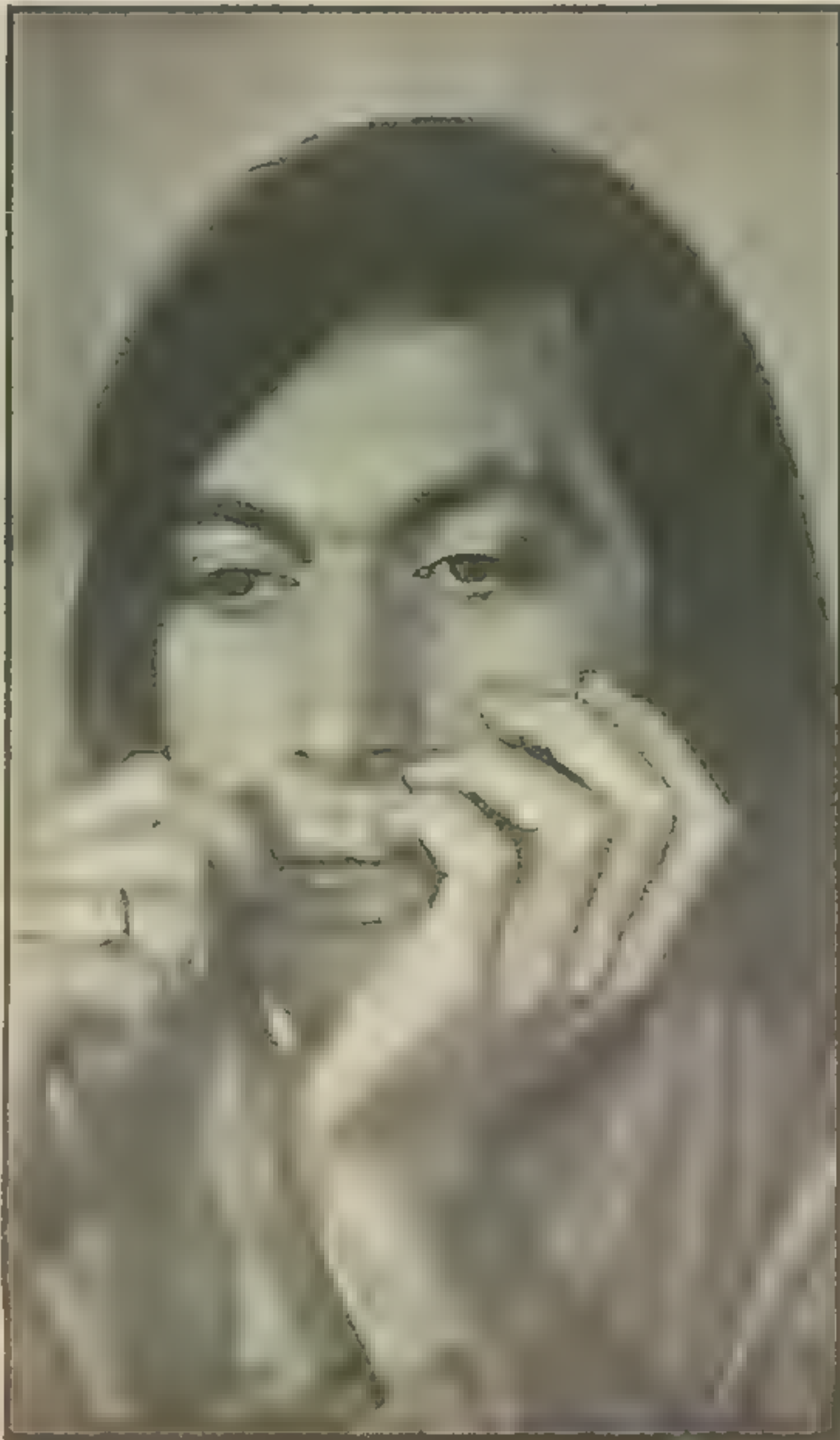
"Paying five, six and seven dollars for a Stones concert at the Oakland Coliseum for, say, an hour of the Stones seen a quarter of a mile away because the artists demand such outrageous fees that they can only be obtained under these circumstances, says a very bad thing to me about the artists' attitude towards the public. It says they despise their own audience."

When Mick Jagger was confronted by this criticism at a press conference at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel, he left the door slightly open to giving a free concert sometime during the 13-city, 18-concert tour, but his tone didn't seem too promising.

"There has been talk of that," he said. "I should think toward the end. We'll have to see how things go, I don't want to plan that right now, 'cause we're gonna be here some while. We've got time for all that. I don't want to say that's what we want to do or not do I'm leaving it rather blurry. I'm not committing myself."

And about the ticket cost, he strongly indicated that if some people thought prices were high, they might have been a lot worse.

"We were offered a lot of money to do some very good dates—money in front in Europe, before we left, really a lot of bread. We didn't accept because we thought they'd be too expensive on the basis of the money we'd get. We didn't say that unless we walk out of America with X dollars, we ain't gonna come. We're really not into that sort of economic scene. Either you're gonna sing and all that crap, or you're gonna be a fucking economist. I really don't know whether this is more expensive than recent tours by local bands. I don't know how much people can afford. I've no idea. Is that a lot? You'll have to tell me."



At play

The remainder of the press conference was typical. Someone asked that the question about ticket costs be repeated. Sam Cutler, the band's tour manager, repeated it, stumbling over the word ticket, saying "pricket." This prompted Keith Richards to lean over and give him a little kiss.

Following that it was just one knee-slapper after another.

Art Kunkin, editor of the Los Angeles Free Press, asked Jagger to comment on Timothy Leary's running for governor. "Isn't it a bit late for California to have a psychedelic governor?" Jagger asked back.

Rona Barrett, a television gossip columnist, asked her questions: "What time do you normally get up?" "Are you really an anti-establishment group or is it all a put-on?" And: "What do you think about fellow performers like Shirley Temple going into politics?"

Even when someone asked Charlie Watts if he were planning another book (a reference to his illustrated tribute to the late Charlie Parker) and Watts gave a simple "no" as his answer, everyone collapsed, giggling.

At the end of it, little had been learned, but everyone—perhaps especially the Stones—seemed to have had a good time. It was rather like watching Johnny Carson with a laugh-track borrowed from *The Lucy Show*.

Somewhat more seriously, Jagger did say there would be time while in Los Angeles to complete the group's next album, *Let It Bleed*, which, he said, was to be released within a month's time, before the Stones returned to England in early December.

All that had to be done, Jagger said, was to mix two or three songs and record one vocal that had been erased accidentally in London while he was making the film *Ned Kelly* in Australia. Recording was to be scheduled in the Elektra studio here, before the tour begins, pending settlement of a minor disagreement over studio time with the Doors,



who were then using the studio for their next album.

Jagger also said that although the Stones' contract with London expires in 1970, there were no plans to form an independent record company. (There had been reports the Stones were meeting with at least one young Los Angeles record company executive to discuss this project.)

"No," Jagger said, "I don't want to become a weird pseudo-capitalist. The only reason for doing that sort of thing is to change the line of distribution, right? And if you don't change the line of distribution, there's no point. All you've got is a little holding company and the record company is still releasing your records. So unless you've got a fleet of lorries and sell records for half price, there'd be no point in doing it."

Other dates on the tour include the Oakland Coliseum, November 9th; San Diego Sports Arena, the 10th; Phoenix Coliseum, the 11th; Dallas Coliseum, the 12th; Auburn (Ala.) University, the 13th; University of Illinois, the 14th; and Chicago Amphitheater, the 16th.

The Stones then take a week off to tape an appearance on *The Ed Sullivan Show*, resuming the tour in Detroit's Olympia, the 21st. This will be followed by concerts at the Philadelphia Spectrum, the 25th; Baltimore Civic Center, the 26th; Madison Square Garden, the 27th and 28th; Boston Garden, the 29th; and the West Palm Beach (Fla.) Pop Festival, the 30th.

Before beginning the tour, the Stones had fully three weeks to ready themselves. Except for the planned few hours in the recording studio, this gave them ample time for vacationing.

Which is what they were doing immediately following their October 17th arrival in Los Angeles: splitting up, some staying in the Beverly Wilshire, others in private homes.

Charlie Watts was staying with his wife Shirley and daughter Serafina in a huge mountain-top home owned by the DuPont family high above the Sunset Strip, for example, while Jagger and Richard were staying with Stephen Stills in an estate near Laurel Canyon built by Carmen Dragon and formerly inhabited by Monkee Peter Tork.

It was the DuPont manse that was to serve as the group's West Coast headquarters and it was there the Stones gathered the day after their arrival for a meeting, then pushed all thought of business aside to make use of the home's sumptuous facilities.

During the day, friends, writers and Sunday hangers-on came by to watch Bill Wynn on the tennis court (wearing boots), knocking a ball around. "Sure, you can take pictures," he said, "but we're only amateurs." Inside the house, Charlie Watts was going through a large box of albums just delivered from a Sunset Strip record store.

Someone entered the 40-foot living room with a 180-degree view of Los Angeles and asked, "Is Mick here?"

"Be here later," came the listless reply.

"Catch you then."

In the kitchen the girl the Stones had hired to cook their meals was preparing bouillabaisse. She knew the boys had decided to go to a Japanese restaurant that night, and then on to the Ash Grove to see Taj Mahal and Arthur "Big Boy" Crudup, but she was afraid the food would spoil.

Someone else was picking out a tune on the piano.

Outside a mustachioed chauffeur in black snoozed behind the wheel of a Cadillac limousine.

The Rolling Stones were in town and everyone seemed to be waiting for something to happen.



KEITH RICHARDS

DEAN GOODHILL

BY RITCHIE YORKE

The news that the Rolling Stones are to resume personal appearances is likely to gladden hearts everywhere. The Stones always were the most important performing group to come out of England. At the Stones' office behind Oxford Circus in London recently, guitarist-composer Keith Richards discussed the tour, Mick's foray into films and the next Stones' album, to be called *Let It Bleed*.

"The whole tour thing is very strange man, because I still don't really believe it. We did the Hyde Park concert and it felt really good, and I guess the tour will feel even better. And we need to do it. Apart from people wanting to see us, we really need to do a tour, because we haven't played live for so long.

"A tour's the only thing that knocks you into shape. Especially now that we've got Mick Taylor in the band, we really need to go through the paces again to really get back together."

Although the itinerary has yet to be confirmed, there will be at least a dozen gigs in North America plus a concert in London, another in the North of England, and a short tour of the Continent. George Harrison told me that he thought the reason the Stones were going on the road again was money, and Richards didn't deny it.

"Yeah, well, that's how it is. We were going to do the Memphis Blues Festival but things got screwed up. Brian wasn't in that good a shape and we had various problems. I personally missed the road.

"After you've been doing gigs every night for four or five years, it's strange just to suddenly stop. It's exactly three years since we quit now. What decided us to get back into it was Hyde Park. It was such a unique feeling.

"But in all the future gigs, we want to keep the audiences as small as possible. We'd rather play to four shows of 5,000 people each, than one mammoth 50,000 sort of number. I think we're playing at Madison Square Garden in New York, but it will be a reduced audience, because we're not going to allow them to sell all the seats.

"I'm going to meet Mick in California about mid-way through October and we're going to have to rehearse like hell. That whole film thing in Australia was a bit of a drag. I mean, it sounds dangerous to me. He's had his hand blown off, and he had to get his hair cut short. But Mick thinks he needs to do those things. We've often talked about it, and I've asked him why the hell does he want to be a film star.

"But he says, 'Well, Keith, you're a musician and that's a complete thing in itself, but I don't play anything.' So I said that anyone who sings and dances the way he does shouldn't need to do anything else. But he doesn't agree so I guess that's cool.

"The trouble is that it has disorganized our plans; it happened just as we got Mick Taylor into the band, and just as we were finishing the album. We had one track to do and we accidentally wiped Mick's voice off when we were messing around with the tape. And there's Mick stuck down in Australia, about 3,000 miles from the nearest studio. It's pretty far out."

Mick's absence has also been felt in other areas. The Stones have not been able to record a followup single to "Honky Tonk Women," which was the second biggest selling record of their career, after "Satisfaction."

"I have a couple of ideas for the next record," Keith said, "and I think we'll cut it in Los Angeles when I meet Mick. I'd like to record again in Los Angeles because it's been a long time since we worked in the studios there. 'Have You Seen Your Mother, Baby?' was the last track we did in L.A.

"Plus, we'll get the album, *Let It Bleed*, finished. I think it will be the best album we've ever done. It will have some of the things which we did at the Hyde Park concert. There's a blues thing called 'Midnight Rambler' which goes through a lot of changes; a very basic Chicago sound.

"The biggest production number is 'You Can't Always Get What You Want,' which runs about seven minutes. But most of the album is fairly simple. There's a lot of bottleneck guitar playing, an awful lot, probably too much, come to think of it. But I really got hung up on that when we were doing 'Sympathy for the Devil' on *Beggar's Banquet*.

"There's three really hard blues tracks, and one funky rock and roll thing. Not the 'Street Fighting Man' sort, but as basic as that. There's a slow country song, because we always like to do one of them. All of the tracks are long, four, five and six minutes. There's about four tracks to each side, but the sides run 20 minutes.

"*Let It Bleed* will also have the original Hank Williams-like version of 'Honky Tonk Women,' which was one of my songs. Last Christmas, Mick and I went to Brazil and spent some time on a ranch. I suddenly got into cowboy songs. I wrote 'Honky Tonk Women' as a straight Hank Williams-Jimmy Rodgers

sort of number. Later when we were fooling around with it—trying to make it sound funkier—we hit on the sound we had on the single. We all thought, wow, this has got to be a hit single.

"And it was and it did fantastically well; probably because it's the sort of song which transcends all tastes."

While we were talking, the muffled sounds of a Creedence Clearwater Revival album could be heard in another office, and I wondered if Keith was impressed by the group?

"Yeah, I'm into a very weird thing with that band. When I first heard them, I was really knocked out, but I became bored with them very quickly. After a few times, it started to annoy me. They're so basic and simple that maybe it's a little too much."

Blood, Sweat & Tears? "I don't really like them . . . I don't really dig that sort of music but I suppose that's a bit unfair because I haven't heard very much by them. It's just not my scene, because I like a really tight band and anyway, I prefer guitars with maybe a keyboard. The only brass that ever knocked me out was a few soul bands."

Led Zeppelin? "I played their album quite a few times when I first got it, but then the guy's voice started to get on my nerves. I don't know why; maybe he's a little too acrobatic. But Jimmy Page is a great guitar player, and a very respected one."

Blind Faith? "Having the same producer, Jimmy Miller, we're aware of some of the problems he had with Blind Faith. I don't like the Buddy Holly song, 'Well All Right,' at all, because Buddy's version was ten times better. It's not worth doing an old song unless you're going to add to it.

"I liked Eric's song, 'In the Presence of the Lord,' and Ginger's 'Do What You Like.' But I don't think Stevie's got himself together. He's an incredible singer and an incredible guitarist and an incredible organist but he never does the things I want to hear him do. I'm still digging 'I'm a Man' and a few of the other things he did with Spencer Davis. But he's not into that scene anymore."

Jethro Tull? "We picked up on them quickly. Mick had their first album and we featured the group on the *Rock and Roll Circus* TV show we taped last December (which still hasn't come out, but hope remains).

"I really liked the band then but I haven't heard it recently. I hope Ian Anderson doesn't get into a cliché thing with his leg routine. You have to work so goddam hard to make it in America,

and it's very easy to end up being a parody of yourself. But he plays a nice flute and the guitar player he had with him was good. I think he left and started his own group, Blodwyn Pig. I haven't heard that lot yet."

The Band? "I saw them at the Dylan gig on the Isle of Wight and I was disappointed. Dylan was beautiful, especially when he did the songs by himself. He has a unique rhythm which only seems to come off when he's performing solo.

"The Band were just too strict. They've been playing together for a long, long time, and what I couldn't understand was their lack of spontaneity. They sounded note for note like their records.

"It was like they were just playing the records on stage and at a fairly low volume, with very clear sound. I personally like some distortion, especially if something starts happening on stage. But they just didn't seem to come alive by themselves. I think that they're essentially an accompanying band. When they were backing up Dylan, there was a couple of times when they did get off. But they were just a little too perfect for me."

The Bee Gees? "Well, they're in their own little fantasy world. You only have to read what they talk about in interviews . . . how many suits they've got and that kind of crap. It's all kid stuff, isn't it?"

Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young? "I thought the album was nice, really pretty. The Hollies went through all that personality thing before Graham left them. The problem was that Graham was the only one getting stoned, and everybody else was really straight Manchester stock. That doesn't help."

The Beatles? "I think it's impossible for them to do a tour. Mick has said it before, but it's worth repeating . . . the Beatles are primarily a recording group.

"Even though they drew the biggest crowds of their era in North America, I think the Beatles had passed their performing peak even before they were famous. They are a recording band, while our scene is the concerts and many of our records were roughly made, on purpose. Our sort of scene is to have a really good time with the audience.

"It's always been the Stones' thing to get up on stage and kick the crap out of everything. We had three years of that before we made it, and we were only just getting it together when we became famous. We still had plenty to do on stage and I think we still have. That's why the tour should be such a groove for us."

"Men who love one another; men who are always in love with lovely ladies, children, dogs, cats; with Old Ma Nature at her best and at her worst; men who can laugh and cry...men who can accept their own mistakes and the mistakes of others. It's all living, you know."

-Taj Mahal said that.

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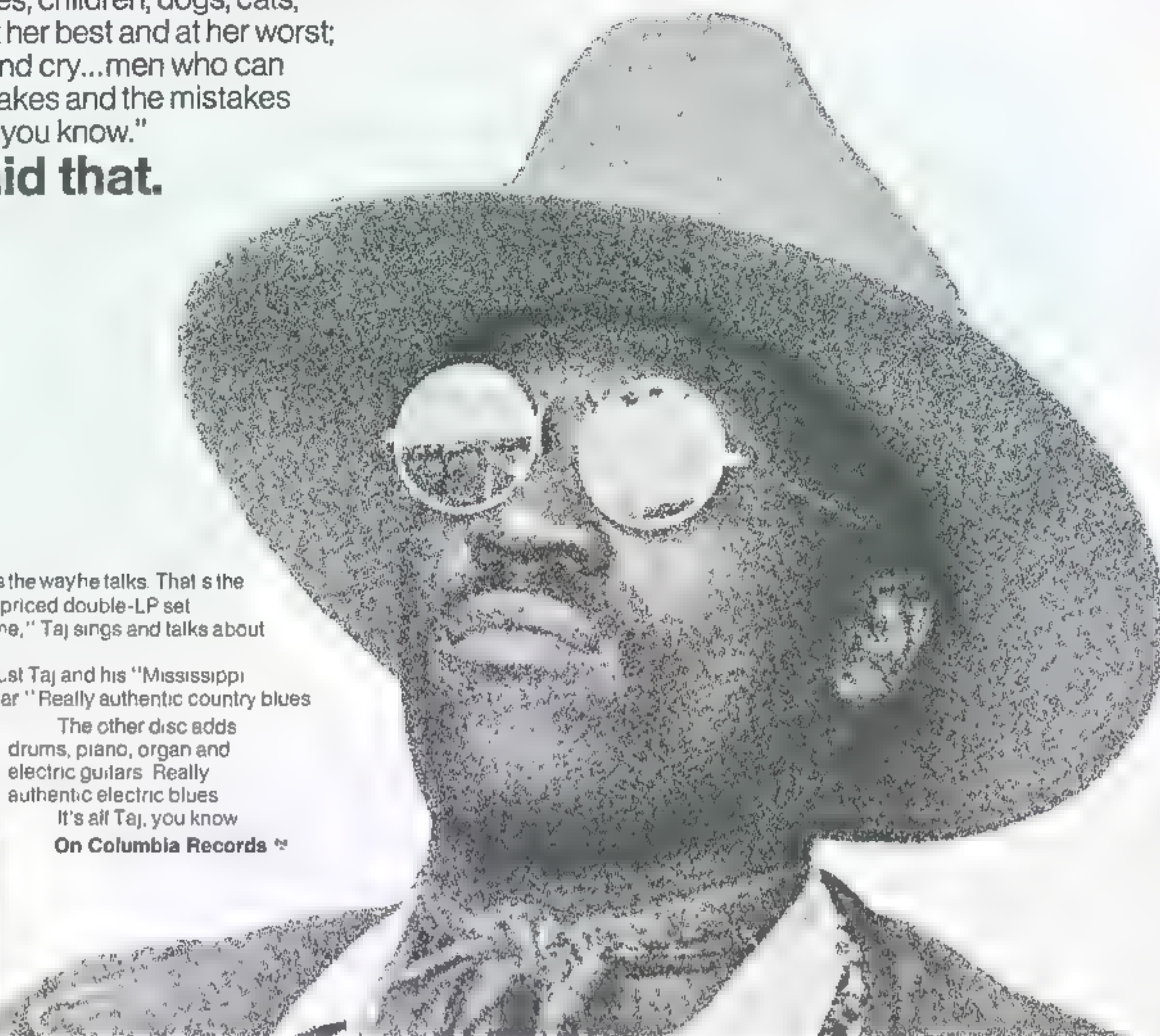
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PHOTOGRAPHS BY BARON WOLMAN



BY JON CARROLL

SAN QUENTIN—Assistant Warden Jim Park looks very straight and talks very cool. He had permitted, even encouraged, the organization of what the inmate committee called The San Quentin Rock Experience, and he was trying to keep hands off. He had told Yuri Toropov, the Marin County freak who had organized the rock concert on the outside to "bring people together," that there could be nothing "overly racist or overly revolutionary."

Yuri said later that he had conceived the whole idea of a rock concert at San Quentin while stoned. "I said to myself, what a groovy idea. So I lit another joint, and thought about how I would go about doing it."

The search for the way led Yuri to the office of a local state senator, who shall remain nameless in order to keep the route open. An assistant to the senator got on the telephone to the warden, and all of a sudden things began to move.

"Park was really weird at first. He kept talking about procedures and committee meetings, and I kept asking him what dates were open. He finally said the 11th and the 25th and I said, 'Fine, we'll take the 11th.'"

The rock groups agreed to work for free, Yuri borrowed some money to pay for the sound system, and everything was moving nicely. Then Jim Park told Yuri there couldn't be any chicks.

"I asked Park why, because they had chicks there during Soul Day a year ago, and during Mexican-American Day they had chicks dancing on stage, and Park told me that the black community in the prison was so organized that fooling with a black chick would be a death sentence, and Chicano prisoners were the same about Chicano chicks, but he didn't think that the white guys were organized enough."

"But he started getting some heat from the inmates' committee, and he really wants to do the right thing, so he called back and asked me to bring some chicks. I could only get four."

So four chicks, ten musicians and an assortment of friends appeared at the San Quentin gates a little before noon. But before they could go inside, there was the hassle about the list.

"There was supposed to be this list of who was with our party and who wasn't, so they could check off everybody when they went through the gates. When I got there I said, 'Oh yeah, by the way, there's some extra people.' And the guards stood around wondering what to do, and Park finally said, 'Let 'em all in. We'll know which is which.'"

Still, the Assistant Warden was nervous. He stood smoking his pipe on the grass next to the bandstand, wearing a suit with a little military-type nameplate pinned to the left pocket, desert boots and a tentative smile. Freaky looking people connected with the bands wandered around behind the flatbed truck where the amplifiers had been set up, talking to the few inmates allowed back there. Jim Park watched them.

"All those people wandering around make us nervous. They're not bureaucrats and we are." He smiles quickly. "These people are part of the pot drug revolutionary culture. We can't endorse that," he says diffidently.

The Sons of Champlin started it out, playing tight and well but unexcitedly. (The Airplane had wanted to play but couldn't get a date; the Grateful Dead had asked to play, but Park had turned



Joe & associates: 'Let 'em all in. We'll know which is which'



Unsure whether to shout 'FUCK'

Assistant Warden Jack Park
with rock freaks:
"All these people wandering
around make us nervous.
They're not bureaucrats
and we are"



them down because they had played outside the gates during a 1968 protest.) The prisoners sat on the grass, separated from the band by 15 yards of turf and a low rope. To their right was a high yellow wall, with guards carrying sub-machine guns silhouetted against the sky; to their left rose the gray bulk of the West Cell Block, which turned out to be the honor block, where the good guys go. San Quentin is built on a jut of land in the Bay north of San Francisco; on balmy afternoons it is beautiful.

The theme of the day was getting it together. Everybody seemed to have the requisite equations—criminals are rebels; musicians are rebels; musicians are (mostly non-convicted) felons; criminals are felons; there should be a natural linkage. Everyone sure as hell tried for one.

After every number, peace signs rose from the audience along with applause. One guy kept yelling "acid for everybody." Dusty Street, the KSAN (San Francisco) disc jockey, danced—rather prosaically—in front of the bandstand for a time, and when she flashed the peace sign there were several hundred in response. The Sons of Champlin called everybody "brother," and the crowd (2500 out of 3000 who could have made it) cheered.

The vibes were very mixed and very strong. Good hard sound echoed off the walls and floated past the towers, so loud that it could be heard all the way down by the front gate; the cons, many with home-made zodiac signs strung around their necks on leather thongs, grooved with it. But there was always that feeling that I was looking out on Desolation Row, and the seagulls drifting in the backwash of guitar riffs seemed heavy and oppressed.

After the Sons of Champlin went off, Dusty went up on stage and rapped—a long, dull, naive rap (especially when she started talking about rock as "the universal music" as opposed to soul—which brought a fair number of boos from the knots of black guys in the crowd). But the inmates dug it—she was a chick, and they just wanted to hear a chick talk and watch her body move. It was like the Bob Hope Christmas Show and all those soldiers in Vietnam who go out of their minds for Connie Francis. The audience threw beads at Dusty, and she put them on and thanked them and it was a very good part of the afternoon.

Country Joe and the Fish, the headliners, were next, and they threw everything into their short set. Joe MacDonald sang and rolled on the stage; then organist Mark Kapner did a nice Who-Jimi Hendrix parody which ended with the destruction of his ukulele, and he rolled on the stage, then Barry Melton did a marvelous "Love Machine" and he rolled on the stage and then, topping everybody, off the stage and onto the grass and rolled on the grass. The cons were somewhat puzzled at this, but enthusiastic.

The music lurched to a halt and Melton dug into his only partially assimilated James Brown mode, still lying there in the grass, microphone in hand. He shouted, soulfully:

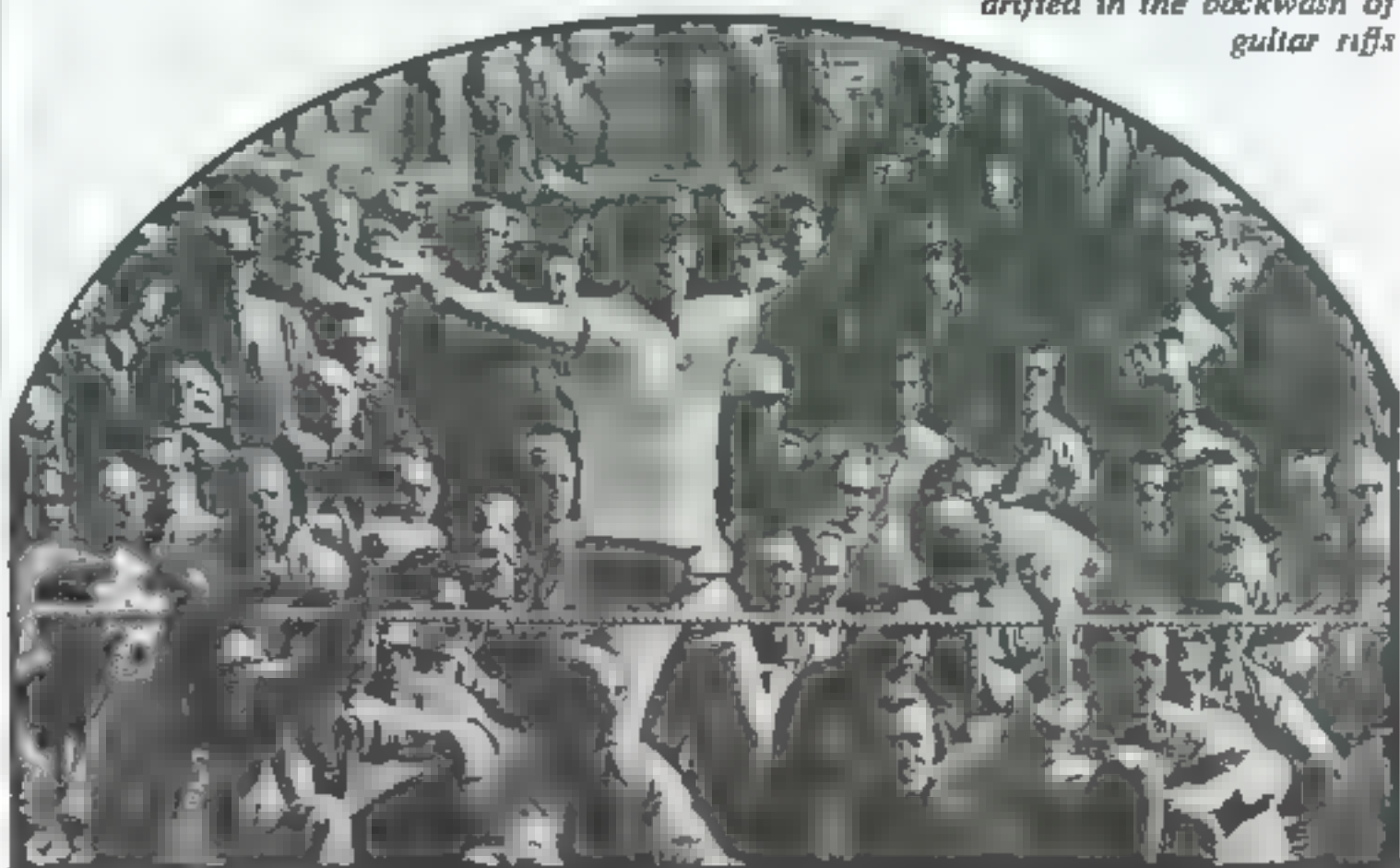
"You think you're prisoners?"

Yeah, roared the cons.

"Well, dig it brothers—I'm a prisoner, too!"

Yeah, came the response again. Mainly it came from the white cons. The black cons just knew this cat wasn't James Brown, or even a distant relation.

The cons grooved
while sea gulls
drifted in the backwash of
guitar riffs



Dusty: They just wanted to watch her body move

"—A prisoner of LOVE!" screamed Melton.

And the white cons broke up shouting back in answer. The black cons mostly didn't say anything. Their smiles sagged perceptibly.

Neither did the famed Fish spell-out go perfectly—it was clear that they were unsure whether they should all bellow "FUCK!" in unison or not—but "Fixin' To Die Rag" went beautifully, and "Be the first one on your block/To have your boy come home in a box" got the second biggest cheer of the afternoon.

(The first came earlier, when Barry Melton leaned into the microphone and said: "They'll never close the border.")

Then it was over, and the guards moved easily and swiftly in front of the bandstand. The audience flashed peace signs and shouted "beautiful" over and over, and then slowly filed towards the

bleachers, across a concrete road and up a ramp. They looked like blue denuded pilgrims moving up Fujiyama, and everybody watched them go, wondering what connections had been made.

Assistant Warden Park was vaguely apologetic—"You've got to understand that this is a very paranoid atmosphere. We're paranoid and they're paranoid"—and turned the walk back to the front gate into a kind of tour, explaining "Yes, that's Death Row—well, it has to be somewhere." Joe MacDonald, whose performance had been distracted and mechanical, withdrew even more, smiling and nodding only when prisoners called out "Thank you" to him. But he lingered, and after everyone else had gone through the tiny metal door in the big yellow wall, he turned and flashed a final peace sign to the empty compound.

Continued from Page One

stop at the Apple office, where he had some papers to sign. "But this one—well, we are in the office all the time as businessmen and nobody wants it. All the money goes in and none of it comes out. The song really says it: 'You never give me your money.'"

"All we're trying to do now is get ahold of ourselves. Just pull in on ourselves—because we're owned five per cent here, five per cent there. There's always someone who has his finger in. We're trying to take all those fingers out of the pie and have it just for ourselves."

Desperate to put Apple in some kind of order, the Beatles are said to have made several offers of very big money to leading British business executives—including a retired head of British Rail, the national railroad system—but were turned down in every case. Mainly because the executives could see no way to put the house in order.

To understand what is happening, it is necessary to go back several months, to Spring, when the Beatles first went with Klein. At the time it was difficult to understand how anyone could have cut themselves in for 20 per cent of the Beatles. Back in the early Liverpool days, yes. In 1969, following release of their fastest selling LP of all time, it didn't seem likely.

(This line of thought is reinforced by "off the record" statements from major talent agencies indicating they would have been willing—and still are willing—to talk with the Beatles about full business representation for well under the 20 per cent figure on Klein's contract; one even said that depending on terms, five percent might be a reasonable figure.)

It is estimated that the Beatles have grossed something in excess of 55 million pounds sterling (\$154,000,000.00) since 1963.

"You have to understand that the Beatles have always felt they were being screwed by somebody," said someone once a part of the Beatles operation. (Like many others who provided information, this person didn't want his/her name disclosed). "And they always felt no one should make more from the Beatles than the Beatles themselves make. Which is only fair, of course. But there were people like Dick James around, who now is managing director of Northern Songs, and owns more of the early publishing than Lennon and McCartney do. With Brian Epstein dead, the boys felt they needed someone to look out for them."

"So Allen Klein came along, promising them the world. And he was convincing, because he said he would only get 20 per cent of increased Beatle business. If things stayed as they were, he said, he wouldn't get a thing."

To Lennon, with whom Klein had had lunch, it sounded like a good deal and he convinced Ringo and George to go along. Although Paul refused, that still gave Klein majority support and he proceeded as if he had all four signed up.

Klein was an odd choice—indeed, a bizarre choice—for the Beatles, with their long-established record of honesty in their business dealings. Brian Epstein may have been a bastard across the bargaining table, but he was widely respected for his integrity.

And now the Beatles were joining with Allen Klein, who seems to represent much that's wrong with old-style American business. It defies imagination that John Lennon, whose whole anti-bullshit stance—with his peace crusade, his uncompromising demand for honesty from his fellow man—should have connected the Beatles with a man like Klein at a time they had a real opportunity to define a whole new style of conducting the business affairs of the media and the entertainment industry.

That was the idea when Apple was founded just 18 months ago. Paul said it was to be "a cheerful, energetic and democratic commercial adventure which

will eventually lead to the establishment of a Foundation to benefit neglected charities." Also planned an Apple Foundation of the Arts "for the encouragement of unknown talents."

We have come to expect innovation, new perspectives, and honesty—above all, honesty—from the Beatles, and especially John, and this is what made the signing so shocking.

Klein was a New York City accountant who controlled Cameo-Parkway Records, whose stock had been de-listed by the American Stock Exchange in 1968 because of "an absence of adequate information" about its business dealings. He also had been indicted in a federal court (in New York) for withholding—but not paying—taxes collected from the employees of his holding company, Allen Klein & Co. (The most-mentioned corporate entity today is ABKCO, which Klein says means "Allen and Betty Klein Company or A Better Kind of Company, whichever way you'd like to look at it.") Besides this, the Beatles usually insisted upon keeping all the control. In return for 20 per cent of increased earnings, Klein apparently got total control.

It's believed that Klein was acceptable largely because he got to Lennon first. Lennon was in rocky financial shape at the time. His first wife, Cynthia, had taken him for a bundle in the divorce. He had pumped uncounted thousands of pounds into Apple Electronics and an electronic wizard named Magic Alex who was said to have all sorts of incredible inventions (among them: a telephone system where you simply say what number you're after and you're connected up; and a heat-cold unit which would alternately refrigerate or cook) which were worth millions. If Apple has any of them, it's been kept a secret. Lennon also had bought an island off the coast of Ireland and was known to keep chartered helicopters and jets standing by all weekend as he meditated.

So it seemed logical that Lennon might have wanted some financial guidance, someone to take his checkbooks away and replenish his emptying stores. Then, once Klein had convinced Lennon of his good intentions and power to make them reality, Lennon went to George and Ringo and used his silver tongue to convince them.

(An unconfirmed report also has Klein telling Lennon he was an orphan; Lennon's father having been brought up an orphan, this reportedly struck a responsive chord.)

Of course, in one sense it shouldn't have taken too much convincing. The Beatles apparently did need a business manager. Apple had sold 16-million records in 1968—more than half of them Beatles records—but for most of the year there had been no appreciable income at all. The Apple boutique had

been operating at a moderate profit, but plunged into a deep red with the historic closing day give-away. Apple Electronics and Apple Films hadn't earned a penny. The double LP released for the Christmas market was a smash, but it was the first Beatles album of the year, so there was a reduced income from recordings, too, and nothing, of course, from personal appearances.

It is difficult to pinpoint precisely what Klein promised the Beatles, but several once close to the Apple core quote Klein as saying he would increase sales of Apple records in the U.S. These same sources now point to the fact that the last two Apple singles—"That's the Way God Planned It" by Billy Preston and "Give Peace a Chance" by the Plastic Ono Band—sold far better in England than in America. This, it was noted, is not only unique in Apple's history, but shocking; British sales normally are under one-fifth the total U.S. sales, at best.

It's also believed by these sources that Klein vowed he would regain control of Northern Songs, founded in 1963 to handle the songwriting business of Lennon and McCartney. Klein was active in a fight to keep the company out of the hands of England's Associated Television, but when a consortium of financial companies added its 14 percent to Associated's holdings and made a deal in which it would name four of the six directors, Klein—and the Beatles—lost the battle.

For a time, the Beatles were uncertain whether to sell their own stock and tell ATV to go to hell, or to hold onto it and share in the profits. Since Northern's major assets are over 70 Lennon and McCartney songs, and, since the two owned about 31 percent of the stock, it posed a real dilemma.

Either way, Paul and John are under contract until 1973 to produce a minimum of six songs for Northern. If they sold, shares would surely drop, at least at first. ATV wasn't eager to buy out the Beatles for that reason.

"The boys are fed up with it," explained Beatles publicist Derek Taylor. "They didn't work this hard to end up being owned by ATV. They came out of the provinces with a provincial manager. They did a lot of work and made contracts with the heavies. Now they see themselves taking a fork in the road, and going the way everyone seems to go—getting involved with the businessmen."

In the end, John and Paul finally decided to disinvolve themselves—so far as they were able. It was announced the second week of October that they were selling their \$4.8 million worth of stock to ATV. ATV already controlled Northern Songs, after all, and there was scarcely any way to fight that. But in the future, they resolved to keep it all inside Apple.

Unanswered was the question of

Klein's status with the boys after this announcement. He had promised to get Northern Songs back for John and Paul. He had failed.

Recently, Klein renegotiated the Beatles' contract with EMI, the Britain-based music and electronics conglomerate that owns, among other things, Capitol Records in the U.S. In one sense, the new contract, which runs through 1975, is a better one. But Apple observers feel the contract isn't as good as it might seem at first.

"It probably will mean the Beatles will sell more records, make more money," one said, "but the Beatles will have lost some of their freedom and exclusivity in the bargain. The past year or so, the Beatles have been rather leisurely in how many albums they've turned out. Yet, they have fulfilled their commitment to EMI, which was based on the number of tracks, not discs."

"Despite this, what Klein did was promise EMI two new albums a year, plus the rights to issue one repackage a year. What this means, of course, is we'll now start seeing 'greatest hits' albums by the Beatles. This is something Brian Epstein always withheld—along with some of the record club rights, and Klein surrendered them, too. It all just seems to go against so much of what the Beatles have represented for so long."

(It is expected the Beatles' existing royalty of about 40 cents per album will be increased to 56 cents over the next three years on all existing product—past albums as well as new—and that during the final three and a half years remaining in the contract's run, the royalty will jump to 72 cents per LP. A similar royalty increase on singles is also expected.)

Perhaps the Beatles were not aware of Klein's somewhat shady business past. Perhaps they only knew that Klein was an efficient accountant who'd said he'd worked his way through Upsala College in just three years, then went on to handle American business dealings for the Rolling Stones, Herman's Hermits and Bobby Vinton, among others. And that was good enough.

It was not good enough for the rest of Apple Corps, however. Almost as soon as Klein said he was (quoting the trades) "looking into Beatles affairs," the Apple staff began to leave. "Rats leaving a sinking ship" was the way it was described in the industry.

First, three top executives quit—Peter Asher, head of Apple A&R, and Michael O'Conner, head of Apple publishing, leaving together, Ron Koss, head of Apple Records and the music division (in effect, serving as boss to Asher and O'Conner), splitting soon thereafter.

Most of the remaining staff was fired—promotion men, song pluggers, the office manager (who'd been with the Beatles eight years), the manager of the international division, secretaries, the whole lot! And the Los Angeles office was closed. So that within just three months' time, one source says, "All Apple is today is a five-story building on Savile Row with Derek Taylor sitting in it."

John thought of Klein as a new broom. "It takes a new broom and a lot of people will have to go," he said. "It needs streamlining. It doesn't need to make vast profits, but if it carries on like this, all of us will be broke in six months."

Apple also seems to have a good deal of trouble following up on any of the artists it has signed, except, of course, for the Beatles. The first LPs by Mary Hopkin, James Taylor and the Modern Jazz Quartet all received critical acclaim and sold tolerably well. But none of those artists has done a second LP yet. Indeed, James Taylor has spoken out in anger about how Apple delayed production of his second album, which, according to current reports will be issued by a major American company. He has also signed with Robins Music for publishing.

—Continued on Page 30

In John's eyes, Klein represented a new broom



MEMORIES OF AN APPLE GIRL



3 Savile Row

BY FRANCIE SCHWARTZ

I was warned about the Beatles. Literary agents (Big Deal) in New York said, "You'll never get into Apple or meet Paul McCartney. You're a nobody." I went with my film script in hand, believing that Apple stood for people like me.

It took me five days to meet Paul McCartney, and about six weeks to get a job with Apple, in the publicity department.

This is an account of what happened in those three months in the summer of 1968. Wherein I was Beatized, brought down, enlightened, and motivated to write about it.

The story should be written many ways. There's the "I Led Sixty-Four Lives" Approach In Which Francie Tells How Her Identity was turned around and shattered by constantly being in the presence of one or all Beatles for an entire summer.

Then there's the "Christ-You-Know-It-Ain't-Easy" approach wherein you and I, being Beatles fans of one sort or another, sympathize, criticize, and analyze How Things Have Come To Be The Way They Are, and wring our hands a lot.

No matter what one writes about the Beatles, it comes out incomplete. There's always the part you have to leave out.

In April, 1968, the Apple offices were on Wigmore Street in a gray six-or-seven story building. There was a reception room strangely similar to the intake room at Bellevue Mental Hospital, but with nicer carpeting. There was a skinny English receptionist who politely juggled the many freaks, writers, authors, musicians, and con-men who walked in hoping to take something out.

Just my luck: Paul McCartney, MBE, was standing there talking to four business-suited VIP's when I walked in. He was also in the mood to be interrupted by a strange lady with a film property.

I'd never seen him in person before. The impact was surprising. Diffused. Magical. Yes, he's very pretty. Yes, he's very charming. But who the hell is he? We talked small talk in that room, and I went away without script, totally Beatized.

Definition of Beatized: In an instant, you are aware of a confusing magnetism. You feel needed. Stoned. Flattered. Infatuated. Curious. You want to work there.

In the weeks and months that followed, I saw this mesmerizing process taking place again and again, with other persons, in other settings. The results were always the same. We were seduced, and we were abandoned.

The Apple is nothing more than a fruit. Without the Beatles, to name it, pay for it, and inspire it, it's just a little record company with several cliques, several facile bullshitters, and a cockeyed sense of self-importance.

Hence, one seeks the Beatles, gets into their heads, and tries very hard to help them build something meaningful. Something a bit closer to the brainchild of the inventors.

One gets very frustrated.

Paul McCartney asked me what I wanted to do.

"Be free. Make it better." I said. He nodded thoughtfully.

The next day, he and John flew to New York, appeared on the Johnny Carson show, stated their intentions for Apple: To receive and develop the work of unrecognized writers and artists, and help "The Little Man." One month later

he returned. We had lunch with some friends. He talked about the Maharishi. It sounded like a well-rehearsed press release, boring (but it was what they were asking for). Under the table we held hands.

During the month Paul was away, I tried to get over the Beatization. Learned that my script was nowhere to be found in the Apple office, and that Paul had not discussed me or the film with anyone, including Peter Brown, then his personal representative. Couldn't get through to anyone else at Apple. They were always out to lunch. A couple of times I got the Royal Teenybopper Reject. Met a few other people who had come over with similar projects, and had been waiting for months for an audience. We bad-mouthed them a little.

Finally got an appointment with chatty Peter Brown. Told him how London was gossiping up the imminent failure of Apple Boutique and Corps Ltd. Suggested that Apple needed some good advertising. He agreed that the place was a mess (not in so many words). It seemed that almost all the employees at that time were old buddies from Liverpool who spent most of their time doing errands and patting Beatle backs.

From visiting that office many many times I learned that there was no organization, no system, no plan. Just a bunch of people trying to hack off a piece of a fortune that was never really open for hacking. Paul seemed to want a real corporation to work and play with.



ANNETTE YORKE

Downstairs at EMI (St. John's Wood) there is a cavernous, two-story studio. It is large enough to hold a forty-piece orchestra comfortably. The control room is on the upper level, at the top of a stairway with the kind of bannister you can slide down.

I entered the double doors to see the four of them at the Steinway about 100 feet away. They were quietly going over the lyrics to "Revolution." Paul introduced me. Smiles, nods. John, behind those gold rims, gave off the strongest vibes I have ever encountered. Devastatingly brilliant vibes. I sat in a corner against the wall, watching. From that viewpoint I could see the control room, where Handsome George Martin and Geoff the Engineer and his assistant, and Mal Evans, Road Manager, were also watching and waiting.

Mal set up the amps. Paul sat at the piano. Ringo facing him surrounded by baffles. George at a point in between, standing, shuffling in place. John on a chair parallel to Paul on the other side of George.

Their relationship with each other is not, after ten years, a simple one. There is a polarity. One thinks, "Who's the heaviest musically?" "Who's the cleverest?" "Do they really love each other?" Let us not ask bullshit questions.

In England, a man's "mates" are his soul brothers. The Beatles are mates in a sense. But not buddies.

John and Paul can shoot looks at each other and exchange thoughts. John, full of Da Vinci-esque chutzpah and Lewis Carroll whimsy and Joycean logic, projects authority, sovereignty. Can you dig that Paul is his princess? Paul giggles. John smiles like Oedipus.

Paul is full of gestures, fluttering dissolves. The two of them rule benignly. George maintains the court. He is silently called upon to approve their musical approach to a song. And finally, the honorable Richard Starkey, a solid magnet, whose patiently churning guts hold the quartet inside the edges of possibility.

On a more obvious level, they express joy. Little jokes, banter, cracks in the heavy atmosphere. It must be hard to resist the temptation to take oneself seri-

ously as a Beatle, but they do it every time. When they are not addressing each other personally, they referred to themselves not as *We*, but *They*.

"What do They do now?" (George.)

"Now They sing." (Paul.)

John accedes silently. But a minute later, he might be up in the control room, shouting witty obscenities into the headsets.



The second session was less private, less together. People came to visit, to give gifts, to rap, to watch, to turn on. Twiggy and Justin Davy Jones, Franco Zeffirelli, Dick James, Neil Aspinall (Managing Director of Apple), Lulu. It was hard to try to achieve the mood of the night before under those conditions, but the Boys, as they are sometimes called, were good natured and kind about it.

Yoko became more prominent in the creative act as these sessions went by. It was touching to see John with her. They seldom spoke, but communicated constantly. She was impinging on the territory of Beatle unity. So, I guess, was I. We helped them, they grew, and the songs developed on the spot. Most of them had been written in India, and were not complete. Just verses on pages. Ringo's song, "Don't Pass Me By" was fun. There were about ten people in and out of the night they cut it, participating, helping Ringo to lead the production with more confidence. He was truly modest. But, underneath all these happy hours, there was an uptightness growing too. Between Ringo and Paul. Extremely subtle.

Paul is an excellent drummer. Frequently, he would show Ringo an idea and then Ringo would seem brought down because his idea wasn't quite the same. He tried anyway, and Paul felt

some guilt, which he expressed to me later, about coming down on Ringo, putting him on the spot as it were. George always seemed to be above and around it all. He appeared omniscient, all-seeing. The Cheshire Cat as a Jewish Witch.

After four or five sessions, they got testy about all the visitors, and each other. I walked in one night to find Derek Taylor, Beatle press officer, waiting and leering. Paul said, "I guess you should work for Derek. Can you start Monday?"

The bullshit started the first day.

I was given a file six inches thick, full of poetry and accompanying letters from young Americans, to sift through and evaluate for possible publication in a book of Apple Poetry. Some of it was, as the publishers say, promising. I felt humble about criticizing it. Derek reassured me that irreverence was The Way.

I filed them under Apple Poetry. Never saw that file again, or found out what happened to it. The next assignments came in pieces, undefined, unorganized. When Peter Brown discovered my presence, he soaked a pile of mail to me. To be answered. His instructions were concise, and totally unbelievable. Get rid of them all. Most of the letters were from artists, painters, etc., asking for a little support, or even a response from a particular Beatle. Most of them were respectful. Addressed to John or Paul.

After reading about 50 of them, I came across some very exciting slides of illustrations along Rousseau-ish lines. I took them into Peter Brown and told him I thought we should send the guy some bread, commission him to do a cover for one of the Apple artists. He coolly instructed me to write a polite rejection letter. His instructions were the same for all the Little People.

You have to be disgusted behind a thing like that.

I complained to Derek Taylor, who was, for the most part, sleeping late, or at some kind of press club affair. He reassured me that I was indeed working for him, and not for Peter, and gave me another assignment. He told me to mention the rejection bit to Paul.

In the meantime, I did not have a work permit, and was trying to find someone in the office to write the necessary letter to the Ministry of Foreign Labor, which does not dispense work permits easily. Derek kept saying he'd do it, but didn't. Peter Asher wouldn't do it. And Neil Aspinall made it clear he didn't think I was important enough to merit that much effort on the part of Apple. "Think of the musicians, Fran."

I told him, as confidently as I could, that Paul had hired me and Derek wanted me around. He halfway acceded after weeks of nagging. Condescended to ship me a lousy 12 pounds (\$28.80) a week out of petty cash.

Derek's new assignment was James Taylor. When James arrived, sweaty and angular, there were no meetings or interviews set up. James played for the new LP. He seemed apprehensive, but never openly expressed it.

I was to write his "bio," which in the record biz means a cleverly written biography which is sent out as publicity and information. Spent several good days with him, walking in the streets, scouting photography locations, good-rapping the Beatles, trying to get it on. No one at Apple ever seemed to know when his pictures were going to be taken or by whom, and James just good-naturedly went along with it, because he wanted his LP and had faith. He told me a fascinating life story. I wrote a good bio. A year later I saw a copy of it in the ad agency for Capitol. It said "James Taylor by Derek Taylor."

Eventually James came over to the Beatles sessions and played the guitar a little. Paul was his usual obscure and

this company have a good advertising agency?" I explained to the best of my ability what a good agency can do.

"Go find one," said Paul. He neglected to mention that he wasn't willing to pay for a speculative campaign. Of course, no decent ad agency will do one for nothing. So I traipsed all over the tour-ist-ridden city of London, and found two young men at Doyle Dane Bernbach who had eyes to start their own shop, and were willing to give it a try. They attempted an ad for the first Apple releases ("Hey Jude," "Those Were The Days," "Sour Milk Sea," "Thingummybob," etc.) but had a hard time doing it. Repeatedly given insufficient or unclear information, they got uptight, and came to the point of having the "fuck it" look in their eyes.

Next: Paul felt it was time for a photo session. The fan club people had been screaming for some new Beatle pix. The Beatles felt that any photographer in London would be honored to shoot them. (At least Paul said that.) Cecil Beaton offered his services, but George didn't dig it, so no go. Besides, said Peter Brownnose, Beaton's shots would be "too good" for the fans. I cringed, and began searching for a hip photographer. Jeremy Banks helped. Liverpool's fan club sent props. Hired a van and some costumes, and scouted locations.

Of course, on the appointed day, the Beatles could not be gotten out of bed on time, and what was supposed to be a three-hour session took all day. But it was all right.

Yoko and I stood just outside of camera range and watched them standing among the hollyhocks. We saw them climb the ruins of an old subway station, and wince against the dusty air coming out of the half-assed wind machine in the photographer's studio. I forgot that photographer's name, but he was no Avedon. The Beatles, more specifically Paul, demand greatness in return for greatness. That's when they trip themselves.

Some of the best shots of the day were the ones Yoko took with her Instamatic.

When that period of activities blew over, we moved to Savile Row. A million dollar townhouse. Faggy apple green carpeting with wallboard partitions on top. Neo-Chinese Restaurant wallpaper. Blech.

ple, incapable of performing a creative job, playing games with a vengeance.

Yoko upset the cart a few times too, especially when she walked into the office to make suggestions. She too encountered the office politics. When she and John merged, he kindly offered to pay her old debts. The Apple Accountant (it sounds like something out of Orwell) screwed up his little mouth and barked.

Derek was more tactful. It was his responsibility to keep the press painlessly unaware of the John-Yoko thing, at least until the divorce could be negotiated.

Derek Taylor quit a lot. And was fired a lot. I was caught in the middle of it, because of my undefinably close relationship with Paul, and my professional allegiance to Derek (sometimes I think professional allegiance is bullshit too a buddy system). In the morning Derek would ask me what Paul was up to the night before at the studio, and in the evening Paul would ask me what Derek had been up to at the office, was he doing the job and all that. A person gets nervous in that service.

So why didn't you quit right then and there, you ask? Answer: One contemplates life without the daily presence of Beatles, and it's a boring fantasy. One tries to hang in there, and try to make the dream of happy Apple-ness a reality.

There were pleasant breaks in the drudgery. Yellow Submarine (watching Paul watching the cartoon of himself on color TV . . . a gas). The funny breakfast at the Ritz with the Biggies from Capitol (no ties, but we made it anyway). The moment at Trident Studios when "Hey Jude" was finally finished.

The song had begun one afternoon when Paul went up to Weybridge to visit Cynthia Lennon and Julian, I think. He sang the first verse to George at the EMI Studios the night after. Several weeks later, some forty old brass players sat in the pit-like Trident Studios, and sang "Na na na nanana na . . . Hey Jude." When Paul played the finished tape, he turned out the lights. The whole room seemed to melt into the song. After it was over he said he still "couldn't hear it."

It is a great song. I think of it as something he wrote partly to himself. Paul telling Paul to accept himself and the people who loved him in that summer of turmoil. Paul telling Julian Len-

chagrined when Richard complained that Paul never came to visit him in Weybridge.

I went down and made some tea. When I finally made it up the stairs again Paul was in the middle of saying, with a slight touch of humor in his voice, that it would sound pretty funny to announce the group as "John, Paul, George and Barry . . ." He reassured Ringo that he too was feeling bad about what had been happening at the studio. And that there was a lot of guilt connected with his slightly authoritarian drumming suggestions. Most of all, Paul expressed a desire to be more open, to level with Richard.

The talks ended shortly, Paul saying We Need You, and suggesting that they stop recording for a few days, to give Richard a chance to reconsider.



The receptionist. Juggler of freaks



James Taylor: Apprehensive

charming self. When James finally started recording with Peter Asher producing and Paul to help, the sound that came out was lush, and I thought over-produced. Even for James' tastes. But there it was.

By this time I had been working for Apple three weeks and I was exhausted. Several Apple employees who shall remain unnamed were totally useless, collecting fat salaries by virtue of reputation and hype. One could see that the Beatles were being taken.

Perfect example: Wonderwall cover. Somebody told somebody that a certain New York art director could do a knock-out cover, so they paid a man 200 guineas, which is like 600 dollars, and he did a very safe cover. When Paul showed it to me, I said I thought it had no balls. He didn't understand what I meant by that. It was slightly altered. Then George brought in the Berlin wall shot, and someone else brought in another idea, and the cover never really got together at all. No one could assemble the Committee to agree on it. By the time the job was printed it was too late to make any changes anyway. So then John and Yoko and Paul and I sat down and said, "For God's sake why doesn't



Derek Taylor: He quit a lot. And was fired a lot. And covered for John & Yoko beautifully.

In Derek Taylor's office (three rooms on the third floor), Beatle photos, original writing, and records were lumped in dusty cartons like corpses, with old sneakers and fan mail and junk in the corners. One waited for Beatle orders to come through on the single phone.

The workers were suspicious and irritable, what with the constant rain and bullshit. I became a crusading reformer, at least in my mind. The message I got in return from several of my co-workers was, "I'm closer to them than you'll ever be, so watch your step, bitch." Behind these petty go-rounds there was fear. Fear of trading on Beatle toes. Fear that somehow the money would run out, and we'd all be in the street.

It was disheartening to see these peo-

non that his daddy still loved him.

Ringo Star loves his wife and children. They are his favorite topic. He didn't dig the uptightness that was developing in the studio or at the office. It happened one warm evening when John was supposed to come up to Paul's house and write. Ringo quietly walked up the two flights of stairs to Paul's little studio, and said "I don't want to drum any more."

Paul listened gravely, while Richard (that's what Maureen calls him) explained that he didn't get any pleasure from drumming any more. He nodded while Ringo talked about how much fun it was to act in the movies. He nodded when Ringo said he missed doing concerts, and looing about. He looked

All was as well as it ever can be the following week, then Ringo returned to a Welcome Back Party of sorts. It would be October before they finished an LP full of inconsistencies and uncertainties. At least it was released and sold. They talked about inserting a book like Playboy with beautiful camp photos and typographic stars (In Order of Appearance) as if the LP was a show, a stage show. A similar concept had evolved with Sergeant Pepper . . . but alas, it never happened.

So many things never happened. The big thing that never happened: the hiring of a superman. Paul kept mentioning that he would pay a fortune to the right executive genius, to put Apple in working order. The Beatles aren't



Billy Preston

dummies. Idealists, yes. Nevertheless, they possess a clear-eyed sense of Finders-Keepers. Had a superman presented himself at the door, they could have used him intelligently.

They were well aware of the uselessness of many of their employee-buddies. They even tried to realign the responsibilities so that the back-pedaling could be minimized. But the biggest chair of them all remained eerily vacant.

Management Placement Services were suggested to them. They rejected this alternative as too impersonal or something. Maybe they thought the guy would come to them on a flaming gold disc. I don't know.

It was hard to accept such an obvious lack of judgement along with their determinedly individual life-styles.

[PAUL MCCARTNEY'S HOUSE]

St. John's Wood compares favorably to Olde Beverly Hills. The house on Cavendish Avenue is over two hundred years old, and stands a Stone's throw from Lord's Cricket Ground. On Sundays you can hear the polite crackle of applause.

It is surrounded by an eight foot brick wall. There is a double gate, the same height, of black wood, with a heavy guage metal screen over it. The cream-colored posts on either side of the gate are covered with pencil and felt-tip graffiti—"Mick Jagger's cock is bigger than all four Beatles put together"—"The Word is—Paul!"—"I was here for ten hours last night, but I love you anyway"—"Paul favors Americans!" Etc.

The parking area in front is concrete, from whose cracks spring pale green wildflowers. A giant oak, its limbs outstretched, shades half the area. It smells good.

The tall front door is painted black, with an old brass knob in the middle. The entry hall leading to the living room is carpeted in a deep teal blue, with Persian and Indian scatter rugs here and there. The ceiling is very high, with baroque molding around the edges. The couch and chair that face the fireplace are forest green velvet with mahogany carvings and many paw-prints. There is a big rip in the side of the couch. Three kittens poked their heads out, demanding food and attention all summer. There's a sample coffee table covered with cheap madras cloth sent by a fan. The phones, one white, one beige, sit by the Daddy-chair. The circle where the numbers should be is blank.

There are three Magritte paintings. The one over the mantle is an ominous dark composition with only a small monastic window showing sky. The right half of

the picture is filled by a figure that resembles a dead fish, but on closer perusal, looks monkish. A smaller painting on another wall is the proverbial apple with the legend "Au Revon" across its middle.

A primitive portrait of Khrushchev, a tiger scroll from Japan, a little framed picture of Julian Lennon embroidered on muslin. Portrait of Paul in charcoal, laboriously but lovingly done by an American fan.

On the wall opposite the fireplace, some fifty feet away, are shelves. Reading from left to right, hundreds of LP's, (Elvis, Sam and Dave, Lenny Bruce, Beatles, the debonaire Fred Buchanan, Dionne Warwick, Bulgarian Folk Chorus), knick-knacks from India and America, a black and white TV set with a tape monitor, and a couple hundred books (he didn't read much when I was around, but how could he?) A turner, turntable, and speakers are built in. On the floor nearby, a basket of fan mail, packages. An old desk stuffed with papers and precious mementos. It was here that Paul wrote notes to the old woman across the street, who wrote to him in a palsied hand of her illness, and distress at the noise the groupies were making outside.

In the middle of the wall that faces the garden, there is a door. The bottom half swings open for Martha's galumphing entrances and exits. Little Yorke Eddie wasn't strong enough to get through it, but tried, and whined. Ended up pissing all over the carpets. Paul didn't mind. But then he didn't have to clean it up.

The garden, at least 125 feet deep, is uncut, and wild. The grass and a few wildflowers, weeds, are at least a foot deep in some places. You can see the stone Alice in Wonderland figures on the cover of "The Ballad of John and Yoko."

He has a hip gardener, who is teaching him bit by bit, about each of the plants in the yard. When he's alone, he goes out to romp with Martha, for dries a branch or two. In the very back, there's a small building, unfinished as of '68, that was built originally for meditation. It's glass on three sides. Indirect lighting. In the middle is a circular platform on a hydraulic lift. At the push of a button, the center of the platform rises up into a glass dome. Once Paul wistfully said to me that when he conceived the building, he meant it to be a place where no words were spoken. There was a note of irony in his voice when he carried a rug out to the platform, and Martha and I climbed up with him to rise into the dome and look at the stars and lacy trees that pierce the sky in the glass. This was the location of some of the Life Magazine photos.

The remainder of the first floor in the main house is a McCartneyesque kitchen with strong Jane Asher influence. Spice racks of apothecary jars. Pristine white plates displayed on open shelves, plenty of butcher-block counter space, and some revolving cupboards which Paul designed himself.

In the middle of the foyer, the stairwell goes up two flights. A perfectly simple light fixture hangs down from the very top. Well traveled stairs lead to the second floor landing, where there are two doors to the master bedroom, converted from two to one when Jane and Paul first took the house. White walls, a fireplace. Deep red velvet curtains over sheer white. A counter along the front wall, with an electric vanity in the middle. The rest of that wall, below the counters, is drawers; sweaters, more sweaters, clothes and trays from India, the hair-drier that Paul uses. On the counter, a small stuffed dragon, a plate full of buttons, keys.

The tie rack is on the back of the door, slung haphazardly with wide brilliant ties. Rusty orange carpeting. The bed on the opposite wall is big enough to sleep three. The closet by its side holds 30 or more suits and piles of shoes. A switch panel next to the bed controls the lights, draws the curtains. Behind the hall on which the headboard is mounted, is another closet. Inside is a safe full of papers, and a checkbook that Paul hasn't used in years.

The bathroom, whose window has a small balcony outside it, faces the front courtyard. It is beautifully laid with russet and white patterned tiles, and the wall inside the shower-bath, which has no door or curtain, is mirrored. (There is a tiny view of this bathroom in one of the pictures on the poster that came with *The Beatles*.)

There are two more bathrooms and a smaller bedroom on this floor. Sometimes Michael (McGur-McCartney) sleeps there. In the bathroom that overlooks the back yard, Paul could be found, sitting on the window ledge shaving, gazing outward, ignoring the phones. A morning's escape.

On the third floor there are three more small bedrooms, and Paul's studio with multi-colored spinet, sitars, tape recorder, and sculptures. It too faces the front, and on several summer nights he sat playing and crooning, to himself, and to the groupies outside. The dogs curi around his feet and sleep while he's at it.

John and Yoko were up there in the wee hours, playing their tapes, and the newly minted Beale songs. It's the warmest room in the house. There's a notebook of new songs sitting on the piano, and tapes of Paul doing old Pepper songs in the tape cabinet.

All in all, it is a slightly unkempt but charming millionaire's home, well-used, oft-trampled, but always with a nostalgic aura of the times when he first had money to spend. He will probably always keep it, and hopefully fill it with little children. The dogs never quite made it as substitute offspring, but they were awfully nice to have around when things got lonely for him. He took great delight in watching them frolic after a long session at the studio.

Lots of teenyboppers and ardent fans got into the yard or the house during the summer. It's not impregnable. But they all seemed a little sheepish when they were caught. When a person cares that much for a "star" they have to respect the times when he wants a little solitude.

Even when they irritated him, he was never hasty or mean. In fact when a neighbor would call the police to disperse a particularly noisy bunch, he would peek through the curtains a half hour later to see if they had come back. He wasn't unhappy when they did.

Sometimes he took his breakfast (1 PM) on the back porch, on a wooden picnic table and chairs. And there were a few rare days when Paul could lie in the beach chair with his eyes closed and catch a little sun before leaving for the office.

He always felt an obligation to go to the office, no matter how tired, or occupied with various problems, he was. To say that any Beale is lazy would be ludicrous. Even fun times were interspersed with talk about the Apple situation.

Spending free time with Paul was a precious private thing. It also helped me to understand the bond between him and John.

One afternoon we drove to the countryside to visit Derek Taylor and family. It was pouring rain, wind swishing through leaves. Paul and Martha (Dear Sheepdog) led Derek's children in a procession around the little lake in back of the house.

We sat and listened to "The Beatles Story," a documentary pseudo-Murrow collector's item made during the peaks of Beatlemania. Paul had never heard it before. His face went "WOW" (There is one cut of a young girl, crying, on the edge of hysteria about how great, how personally touching the Beatles are... an orgasm of tears.) He said that they had not been aware of that individual intensity. The Beatles, on stage at Hollywood Bowl, Shea Stadium, etc., did not hear the words coming from those Natural Wonder Mouths... They were too busy trying to hear themselves play, keep the beat.

I asked him when we were alone if he ever thought about the power he has to communicate a message to millions and millions everywhere. The power to move people. He silently shook his head; those puppy eyes were looking far off into the horizon. I couldn't swallow his answer, but neither could I find a better way to ask the question. Does he really want to keep it cool and safe and frivolous?

As the summer in London wore on, more bad-raps about the Apple Boutique circulated. Paul, always the most agonized self-examiner, asked me to do a status report on the stores. I submitted it to Neil Aspinall, got a curt thank you, and a "good" from Paul.

Perhaps that effort led to the closing of the boutique. I wasn't the first to suggest it. And the accountant could have easily done it better than I, who never saw the balance sheets.

Closing of the boutique was front page news in London. The give-away took some of the sting out of it. (Mich-



Jackie Lomax

ael Pollard was among the freaks standing in line for free goodies.) The night before it closed, the four Beatles ruded the place, and returned to Paul's house with armfuls of charming clothes. Where they found them is still a mystery to me. Most of the merchandise in Baker Street reminded me of a psychedelic Woolworths.

One wants to write the truth. To write about the Beatles and their company with some degree of objectivity. Lyrics like "I feel hung up and I don't know why" keep coming in, reminding me that at different times in my life, Beale music has meant something big and important to me. It was always deeply personal, an inspiration, not a debilitating opiate.

Three Savile Row is a lovely old house. When I worked there it became a multi-chamber of psycho-dramatic development, stuffed with juicy writing material. Include the following conditions: Dispassionate alienation, neurosis, fear, groveling intellectualism, and ultimately bullshit.

We should know better than anyone else that the Beatles merit our good faith. And support. The Beale product is still uniquely satisfying, to all levels of listening and interpretation. Nine-to-fivers who felt trapped by the water cooler turned on. The emancipation of many an over-30 is due directly to the universal appeal of John, Paul, George, and Ringo.

Keep this in mind when you read the minute and petty details of the Apple and its worms.

Give Peace a Chance.

Having been in the midst of their corporate Masturbation (No Sin implied) I can feel for John when he says "Christ, you know it ain't easy."

Hearing staunch Beale supporters sourly mutter, "They're fucked," one knows that something negative is and was happening. Perhaps the money had something to do with it.

The Beatles remain naive in many ways. Their wit and style does not preclude a tendency to be seduced by the elaborate con-businessman.

Even in private, one never heard them praising Brian Epstein. Maybe they were too close to him to see what he really did. Their business trip was, and seems to be, a bummer. People associated with them are confronted with the inconsistency, the farce, of playing a game in which the rules are undefined and the rule-makers are anti-rule, self-contradictory, a paradox.

JIMI HENDRIX:

BY SHEILA WELLER

LIBERTY, New York—Records, film, press and gossip are collectively ambitious in creating the image of a rock superstar. With Jimi Hendrix—as with Janis Joplin, Mick Jagger and Jim Morrison—mythology is particularly lavish.

Unfortunately, it is also often irreversible—even when it's ill-founded or after the performer himself has gone through changes.

Several weeks ago, *Life* magazine described Jimi as "a rock demigod" and devoted several color pages to kaleidoscopic projection of his face. Well, why not? The fisheye lens shot on his first album cover shows him in arrogant distortion: on the second album, he becomes Buddha. Lest anyone forget, Leacock-Pennebaker's *Monterey Pop* has immortalized his pyromaniacal affair with the guitar. Rock-media bedroom talk makes him King Stud of the groupies. Stories circulate that he is rude to audiences, stands up writers, hangs up photographers, that he doesn't talk.

What Jimi's really all about—and where his music is going—is an altogether different thing.

For most of the summer and early fall, Jimi rented a big Georgian-style home in Liberty, New York—one of Woodstock's verdant "suburbs"—for the purpose of housing an eclectic family of musicians: Black Memphis blues guitarists, "new music" and jazz avantgardists; "Experience" member Mitch Mitchell, and—closest to Jimi and most influential—Juma Lewis, a multi-talented ex-progressive jazzman who is now the leader of Woodstock's Aboriginal Music Society.

The hilltop compound—replete with wooded acreage and two horses—was intended for a peaceful, productive musical growth period. But hassles did come, sometimes sending Jimi off on sanity-preserving vacations in Algeria and Morocco: local police were anxious to nab "big-time hippies" on anything from dope to speeding; the house was often hectic with hangers-on; pressure mounted from Jimi's commercial reps to stay within the well-hyped image and not go too far afield experimentally.

But with it all, growth, exchange and—finally—unity was achieved among Jimi and the musicians, whose work-in-progress was evidenced in occasional public appearances in the New York area (at the Woodstock/Bethel Festival, Harlem's Apollo Theater, Greenwich Village's Salvation discotheque, and ABC's Dick Cavett show) and has been recorded for Reprise on an LP which will be released in January. The name of the album, *Gypsies, Suns and Rainbows*, epitomizes the new Hendrix feeling.

With close friends of Jimi, I drove up to Liberty on a quiet September weekend. The melange of musicians and girls had departed. In a few weeks, Jimi himself was to give up the house, woods and horses for less idyllic prospects: a Manhattan loft and a November hearing on the narcotics-possession charge he was slapped with in Toronto, May 3rd.

Photographs have a funny way of betraying his essentially fragile face and body. He is lean. Almost slight. Eating chocolate chip cookies on the living room couch in this big house—furnished straight and comfortable—he seems boyish and vulnerable.

He offers questions with an unjustified fear of his own articulateness that is charming—but occasionally painful. "Do you, uh—where do you live in the city?" "What kind of music do you like—would you care to listen to?" He is self-



"I DON'T WANT TO BE
A CLOWN
ANY MORE..."



PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN POLLOCK

effacing almost to a fault: "Do you ever go to the Fillmore? No?—that was a silly question, sorry." "I'm sorry, am I mumbling? Tell me when I'm mumbling. Damn . . . I always mumble."

It becomes uncomfortable, so one says: "Jimi, don't keep putting yourself down. There's everybody else to do that for you." He attaches to that statement, repeats it slowly, whips out the embossed Moroccan notebook in which he jots lyrics at all hours of day and night, and scribbles something down.

Fingering through his record collection (extensive and catholic; e.g., Marlene Dietrich, David Peel and the Lower East Side, Schoenberg, Wes Montgomery), he pulls out *Blind Faith*, *Crosby*, *Stills and Nash*; and *John Wesley Harding*. The Dylan plays first. Jimi's face lights: "I love Dylan. I only met him once, about three years ago, back at the Kettle of Fish [a folk-rock era hangout] on MacDougal Street. That was before I went to England. I think both of us were pretty drunk at the time, so he probably doesn't remember it."

In the middle of a track, Jimi gets up, plugs in his guitar, and—with eyes closed and his supple body curved gently over the instrument—pick up on "Frankie Lee and Judas Priest," riding the rest of the song home with a near-religious intensity.

He talks intently to Juma and his girl. He cherishes real friends and will do anything for them. They, in turn, feel protective toward him. "Poor Jimi," one says. "Everyone's trying to hold him up for something. Those buses . . . Even the highway patrol exploits him. They know his car: they stop him on the road between New York and Woodstock and harass him. Then they have something to gloat about for the rest of the day. Once a cop stopped me on the highway and started bragging: 'Hey, I just stopped Jimi Hendrix for the second time today.'"

On the bookcase is a photograph of a Fifties Coasters-type R&B group, processed hair, metallic-threaded silk-lapel suits, shiny shoes. The thin kid on the far left in a high-conked pompadour, grinning over an electric guitar, is it? "That's okay," Jimi smiles at the impending laughter. "I don't try to cover up the past; I'm not ashamed of it." But he is genuinely humble about the present. For example, he'd been waiting for some time to jam with jazz and "new music" avantgardists, but worried that such musicians didn't take him seriously enough to ever consider playing with him. "Tell me, honestly," he asked a friend, "what do those guys think of me? Do they think I'm jiving?"

We are listening now to the tape of such a session, the previous night's jam. Jimi on electric guitar, avantgarde pianist Michael Ephron on clavichord, Juma on congas and flute. A beautiful fusion of disparate elements, disjunct and unified at alternating seconds. Now chaotic, now coming together. "Cosmic music," they call it. Ego-free music. Not the sort of stuff the waxlords make many bucks off. Not the kind of sound guaranteed to extend the popularity of a rock superstar.

"I don't want to be a clown anymore. I don't want to be a 'rock and roll star,'" Jimi says, emphatically. The forces of contention are never addressed but their pervasiveness has taken its toll on Jimi's stamina and peace of mind. Trying to remain a growing artist when a business empire has nuzzled you to its bosom takes a toughness, a shrewdness. For those who have a hardness of conviction but not of temperament it isn't a ques-

tion of selling out but of dying, artistically and spiritually. Refusing to die yet ill-equipped to fight dirty, many sensitive but commercially-ionized artists withdrew. I watch Jimi quietly digging the pictures of faraway people and places in a book, *The Epic of Man* ("South America . . . wow, that's a whole different world. Have you ever been there?") and I wonder just where he will be and what he will be doing five years from now.

We crowd into Jimi's metal-fleck silver Stingray ("I want to paint it over—maybe black") for a sunrise drive to the waterfalls. ("I wish I could bring my guitar—and plug it in down there.") The talk is of puppies, daybreak, other innocents. We climb down the rocks to the icy brook, then suddenly discover the car keys are missing. Everyone shuffles through shoulder pouches and wallets. "Hey, don't worry," Jimi says. "They'll turn up. No use being hassled about it now. Jimi's taking pictures and writing poetry. 'I want to write songs about tranquility, about beautiful things,' he says.

Back at the house, he pads around, emptying ashtrays, putting things in order. "I'm like a clucking old grandmother," he smiles. "I've just gotta straighten things out a little." It's 7 AM and he has to be at the recording studio in Manhattan at 4 in the afternoon. Everyone's exhausted.

After a few hours of sleep, Jimi floats into the kitchen looking like a fuzzy lamb unmercifully awakened and underfed. He passes up the spread of eggs, pork chops, crescent rolls and tea; breakfast, instead, is a Thermos and a swig of tequila in milk. "Jimi, you never eat . . ." Jimi's girl worries aloud.

We pile into the car for the two-hour drive into Manhattan. Passing two Afro-haired guys in an Aston-Martin, Jimi turns and flashes a broad grin, extending his fingers in a peace salute. We turn up the radio on Stevie Wonder's "My Cherio Amour"; groove on Neil Diamond, Jackie deShannon, the Turtles. Everything is everything: We're playing with a puppy, grateful for clear skies, clear road, clear AM station. What more could a carload of travelers in an inconspicuous blue Avis ask?

We pull into a roadside stop. No giggly bell-bottomed young girls in sight, Jimi gets out and brings back chocolate milk and ice cream for everyone. Truckers pay no attention. Middle-aged couples glare disdainfully.

The talk is of the session. They'll record at a studio on West 44th Street, then go somewhere else to mix it—maybe Bell Sound or A&R—because Jimi says the recording studio they're going to "has bad equipment . . . likes to take advantage of so-called longhair musicians."

Downtown traffic on the West Side highway is light at rush hour. The fortresses of upper Riverside Drive are handsome in the sun, but the air has lost its freshness. Getting off the highway at 45th Street, it's 4:45. The session, costing \$200 an hour, was booked to begin at 4:00. But delay couldn't be helped; no hassle. A carful of teenagers alongside us has the radio turned up loud on "If Six Was Nine"—the cut being used as part of advertisement for *Easy Rider*. I ask Jimi if he's seen the film; he doesn't answer.

Turning around, I find him stretched out on the back seat, legs curled up embryonically, hands clasped under his cheek. Sleeping soundly.



BOOKS



Rock from the Beginning, by Nik Cohn, Stein and Day, New York, 1969 \$5.95

BY ED LEIMBACH

You can get anything you want out of *Rock from the Beginning*: a nostalgic roll-call of historical greats, a gut-level encounter with the musicians who count today, a sociological analysis of the why's and wherefore's of the music, or a loose anecdotal memoir of one man's 15-year immersion in pop—all dished up in raucous, obstreperous, outrageous fashion by a shrewd and persuasive rock commentator.

Just don't look too close. Pop/rock in general can't stand much scrutiny—it loses too much in the translation to print. Ditto *Rock from the Beginning*. The best rock grabs your ass, picks you up and carries you a ways, then dumps you unceremoniously, satiated and happy, and Cohn's book is like that—all flash and fire and big beat. Don't ask for anything more, or you'll be guilty of the kind of academic over-reading Cohn hates. The new breed of American fans, post-Beatles and post-Dylan, weaned on folk and social consciousness—they sit and get stoned with the lights off, they write treatises and split pedantics, just like jazz fans, and mostly they hardly remember Fats Domino's name; they think him trivial, and any suggestion that rock is a joke is greeted in shocked silence.

Cohn is perfectly happy to be temporary—not like Achilles (since Dylan is one of his pet peeves), but temporary like a Top 40 smash.

So if you want the spiritual side of rock, you'd best read somebody like Paul Williams. With Cohn, it's the whole physical thing: rock's archetypal sex and violence, its sweat and aberration. And he takes on everyone bare-knuckle, non-Marquis of Queensbury. Like some frumious bandersnatch on a rampage, Cohn's teeth snap and crunch their bones. Snide, vituperative, exhilarating, crafty, vulgar—that's the Cohn style. Consider his characterizations:

Buddy Holly was really called Charles Hardin Holly and first came out of Lubbock, Texas, with broken teeth, wire glasses, and halitosis, plus every last possible kind of country southernness. He wasn't appetizing. In fact, he was an obvious loser.

So a man called Lloyd Greenfield, a rough, no-nonsense agent, took him up and changed him into another person. Buddy had his teeth capped, his breath cleaned, his hair styled, his wire glasses exchanged for big impressive black ones, his voice toned. Then he was put into high-school sweaters and taught how to smile. Suddenly, he was all-America.

Cohn's chapters on such early rock heroes as Holly, Eddie Cochran, and Chuck Berry are easily the best parts of the book—those, plus his lengthy, well-informed looks at the whole English pop scene since the Fifties. But he has his blind spots too, most of them resulting from his shrilly outspoken preference for hard rock, classic rock, simplistic (and sometimes simple-minded) rock: "AWOP-BAPALOOBOP ALOP BAMBOOM." So he digs the Four Seasons and P. J. Proby (that's like a Spro who joke), berates Dylan and the Beatles for turning rock into art with a capital A, and rejects most of the music issued since 1966 or so.

He particularly dislikes the reduction of rough R&B to sweet soul music:

Most soul singers come on like windup dolls, they almost sleepwalk, and they smirk, leer, and grimace like so many nigger minstrels. They don't act like people, and they don't treat their audiences like people either. It's all depressingly Toni.

But then, a few pages later, he turns around and gushes over Aretha Franklin and Tina Turner. On the latter: *She's a great big woman with long black hair right down her back and a beautiful snarling animal face and a truly cosmic ass. Not pretty but sexual as hell. And her energy is endless; she flings herself about the stage like some maniac, and her hair flays her flesh and her butt, always her butt. Then the sweat rolls off her in sheets and her lips peel back from her teeth and she's quite murderous.*

That's Cohn's real strength: he comes on all cynical and outspoken and unafraid. At all times you know you're reading the reactions of a single human being—and not a professional journalistic machine—in the face of other human beings. Cohn's visceral viewpoint may be bizarre and excessive at times, but there's no hazy ambiguity or pretense at "objectivity" either.

His biggest weakness is style. He likes to begin every tenth sentence or so with "Simply" or "Strictly" or "Mostly." And he has one cliché of praise: So-and-so "really mattered." But those lapses provide a counterpoint to and are usually countered by bizarre imagery. DI spiel like "an unending Hitlerian scream." John Lennon writing songs "as if he was suffocating." Eric Burdon flops about the stage "like some exploding doughnut." Or this remarkable description of the Cream's drummer:

Ginger Baker had long red hair hanging lankily all down his face and a ratted red beard and the most agonized face you'd ever see, his cheeks all cavernous and his teeth rotted and his eyes quite cancelled. He was the final drummer, head lolling and mouth open and schizo eyes staring out into nothing, but he was no phony; he had down one brutal charming beat, all looped and doubled back on itself, the deepest pulse imaginable. Sunken and suffering, he was epic.

These bits of perceptive observation and wry comment multiply on nearly every page of *Rock from the Beginning* as Cohn takes on subjects ranging from acid to Zappa, from hippies to hype, from English-style homosexuality's decided influence on rock to a grimly prophetic assessment of the Stones as needing to die young like updated Romantic poets. It's 250 stimulating pages with a mighty cocky, slightly cockney, brightly cock-eyed flavor. Read it by all means—only once.



Jim Morrison and the Doors. An Unauthorized Book, by Mike Jahn, Grosset and Dunlap (paperback), \$1.

BY JON CARROLL

Mike Jahn, who is described as "a rock critic for The New York Times and *Ingenue*" on the cover, has written a swell book about Jim Morrison and Mike Jahn and the Doors and Mike Jahn and the Fillmore and Mike Jahn, chuck full of swell teeny bopper cut-out pictures of Jim Morrison, swell fanzine philosophy, lots of long words and Big Names for all you intellectuals, endless piles of super-naturally repetitious prose and Sociology 1A analysis, and when are people going to stop writing things just because someone will print them?



Continued from Page 22

ing, a subsidiary of MGM. Neither has Apple done any sustained promotion for Jackie Taylor, Billy Preston, Trash or the Ives in the United States.

To make matters all the more confusing, there are several separate companies, like John and Paul's Macien, Zapple (the low-budget, low-price record line that has issued George's electronic LP, but has yet to release either the paperback books it promised or the spoken word LP's by Lawrence Ferlinghetti, Charles Olson, Allen Ginsberg, Michael McClure, Lenny Bruce and Richard Brautigan, the latter having been forced to pay for his own recording studio time); John & Yoko's Bag Productions; plus separate ventures George and Paul and Ringo have set up, involving everything from music to real estate.

Apple seems to be sufficiently staffed today Jack Oliver, who was the Beatles' "production coordinator" in the pre-Klein days, is now more or less head of the record company, decisions subject to Klein's jurisdiction. Tony Bramwell is in charge of record promotion (air play). Chris O'Dell works with Oliver in marketing. Derek Taylor continues as press officer, responsible for Beatle publicity. Neil Aspinall and Peter Brown apparently remain on the Beatles' personal payroll. While others fill in the bureaucratic crannies and cracks. Although... Apple Publishing at last report had no employees at all, Klein allegedly believing that if the songs are good, they'll sell themselves. Still, where once there were 50 on the Apple payroll, now there are only 30.

One of the oddities about this, according to people in their contact with the Apple office, even Derek Taylor is now ready to bail out. And Taylor has been associated with the Beatles, by reputation if not by employment, from a time dating back to the Liverpool days. These days, Taylor is reported pondering long and hard the fact that it was Derek Taylor who introduced John Lennon to Allen Klein.

For Ringo and John, at least, there is a definite fondness for the past, a decided unhappiness with the present state of affairs. Ringo puts it this way:

"Since Brian [Epstein] died, we've sort of been torn apart. We have to look after ourselves and do everything Brian did, even though sometimes we thought Brian did nothing. You know, you get like that. When everything is going smoothly you think he's not doing anything. But he really was. He had his office that did all that we have to do now. I mean, all I want to do is play. If I wanted to be a businessman I would never have taken up drums."

John's peace quest is perhaps the single new twist that is most unlike the earlier Beatles. It is also the most controversial among Beatle fans. John—who, most of all the Beatles, seems to need the affection of his audience—is oddly oblivious to this.

"I am trying to do something different," he recently told the British paper *Record Mirror*. "I am trying to change people's minds, to change their attitudes to things. We are the head generation. And the game, the political game, is a lot more subtle than people think. You can't sell peace like soap. You have to infiltrate people's vocabulary, and the things people do."

One way to do this is through the Peace ship, which will broadcast music from the Mediterranean in an effort to stop the conflict there. Lennon's also got some plans for Biafra and Nigeria that he's not talking about yet. Significantly, none of his peace schemes have involved the three other Beatles.

"When we're not doing our thing as Beatles," Ringo says, "everyone does his own thing."

"Politically I'm nowhere. I'm begging

for peace like everybody else. But John, he's fighting for it. He's very brave. But me—well, I'll make my own peace. I'm not really strong enough to be out there fighting like John."

Despite all their ventures, all are doomed, in Ringo's words, to signing checks at Apple, making decisions, reading contracts, "every word of them."

"But when we're working on an album," he adds quickly, "everything is OK. Once we're together in the office, we all have our own idea of what should be done. In there it's very hard for us because we're all playing businessman and none of us are very good at it. Life is better when we're just making music."

How much more Beatles music remains to be made?

"The trouble is," John told Melody Maker not long ago, "we've got too much material. Now that George is writing a lot we could put out a double-album every month, but they're so difficult to produce. After *Get Back* is released in January, we'll probably go back to the studios and record another one. It's just a shame that we can't get more albums out faster."

A new problem, some at Apple say, is that some fans have been turned off by the boys' attempt to become an association of four distinct individuals, recording as the Beatles, then going off on their separate paths to their own projects. Ringo likes movie-making (and has just completed filming *The Magic Christian*), Paul is off writing more songs, George is producing records (Billy Preston, the Hare Krishna People and others), and John and Yoko are forever doing their bit for peace.

"They're so much more complex today," explains Derek Taylor. "The public doesn't like their heroes to grow old and change. They're no longer four mop tops who don't give a damn about politics and money. Now they're just like the rest of us in a lot of ways. And they're each different people. For example, it's impossible to imagine George or Paul doing a bed-in. I remember Paul saying he was shocked when he saw *Two Virgins*."

Oddly, the quietest Beatle of all these days is Paul McCartney, once the most loquacious and most involved in the group's business affairs. Certainly this silence is rooted in McCartney's not signing with Klein and wanting to divest himself of anything the American business manipulator plans.

It is known that McCartney's deal with Apple as a producer (Mary Hopkin, etc.) is set up so income will go directly to him and not into Apple. It's also reported that Paul won't permit Klein to be present during recording sessions and that this resentment on Paul's part is causing the other three to "take sides."

Besides that, some of the observers further contend that McCartney is the only one of the three sufficiently equipped to make any decisions, the only one truly interested in how Beatle affairs are managed, as evidenced by his self-administered production activities and his showing up at the Apple offices more often than the others do.

By now, the Beatles could be making a fortune on public appearances alone. John wants to tour again (and has, with the Plastic Ono Band, once) and so does Ringo. But they just can't put it together. Not even a TV appearance. There was to have been a Beatles TV special in England on January 18th of this year, but they keep putting the schedule back, and back again, and it hasn't happened yet. Their last public appearance was in August, 1966, in San Francisco.

Perhaps it is only present circumstances which make such inter-personal differences meaningful, for in every group (musical or otherwise) there always will be some disagreement, some aggravation.

And Klein may yet prove himself. His job is to make money, as much as he possibly can, and one of the surest means of assuring income is to put the Beatles on the road again. Observers feel it may happen. (At the moment, dope busts are keeping Lennon and Harrison out of the U.S., although Klein seems to have cleared the Rolling Stones, some of whom had had similar arrests.)

If Klein can't make enough money to please the Beatles, Klein could, of course, go. The papers signed by all but McCartney constitute a three-year bond, but either party can cancel at the end of each year. This means that with the coming of spring, 1970, Allen Klein may no longer be "looking into Beatles affairs."



CINEMA

Putney Swope

BY RICK HERTZBERG

Putney Swope, directed by Robert Downey. Cinema V Presentation.

A huge black man in a tee shirt is sitting at his funky kitchen table, surrounded by his family, eating. "Jim Keranga, of Watts, California, is having a bowl of Ethereal Cereal," comes a voice. "Jim—did you know that Ethereal Cereal has twice as much Vitamin C as any other cereal, plus the added punch of point oh oh two E.S.P. units of peelin'?" Jim raises his eyes to the camera and says very slowly, his jaw slack, "No shit."

Now that's funny. Funny because a television commercial is one of the few contexts in which the word "shit" is still surprising, and because, far from being a wild exaggeration, this is very close to what actually goes down on television. There are a half dozen or so commercials like this salted through *Putney Swope*, Robert Downey's movie about some black-is-beautiful types who take over an advertising agency, and in each case, while the hilarity varies, the point does not: black power moves in on Madison Avenue, and except for an occasional soulful expletive, nothing much changes.

Not that this is one of those simple

minded "if-they-were-on-top-it'd-be-the-same-only-different" fantasies. Downey has a far more interesting mind than that, and what he has to say is far nastier. Both the plot and the message are of the old-fashioned, linear, straightforward variety—surprisingly so for a filmmaker with Downey's "underground" reputation—but both are easy to overlook, because the gags, which tend to dominate the experience of seeing the movie, are decidedly new-fashioned and nonlinear.

Putney Swope (Arnold Johnson) is the music director of a big agency, and when the chairman suddenly drops dead, Swope accidentally gets elected to replace him. He gets rid of the white folks, brings in a flock of brothers, changes the name of the agency to Truth and Soul, Inc., and starts making commercials. The money rolls in, so much that they have to set up a fire brigade to get the moneybags to the cellar. The last guy on the line takes each bag, fakes a pass, and hooks it off the backboard into the huge glass vat.

Swope has ethics, and he keeps fumbling around for some way of doing good. First he refuses to advertise war toys and cigarettes. Then he turns his

staff loose to be "creative." Finally he tries to sneak subliminal pro-goodness messages into his commercials.

None of it works. The whole business remains as corrupt as ever. A lab technician runs up to Swope, holds up a bottle, and tells him that their new window cleaner cleans windows fine, but it smells terrible. Swope sniffs it and says, "Put some soybean in it for protein and we'll peddle it as a soft drink in the ghetto." Just how much good can you do if you're in business to sell stuff like Pit Stop deodorant?

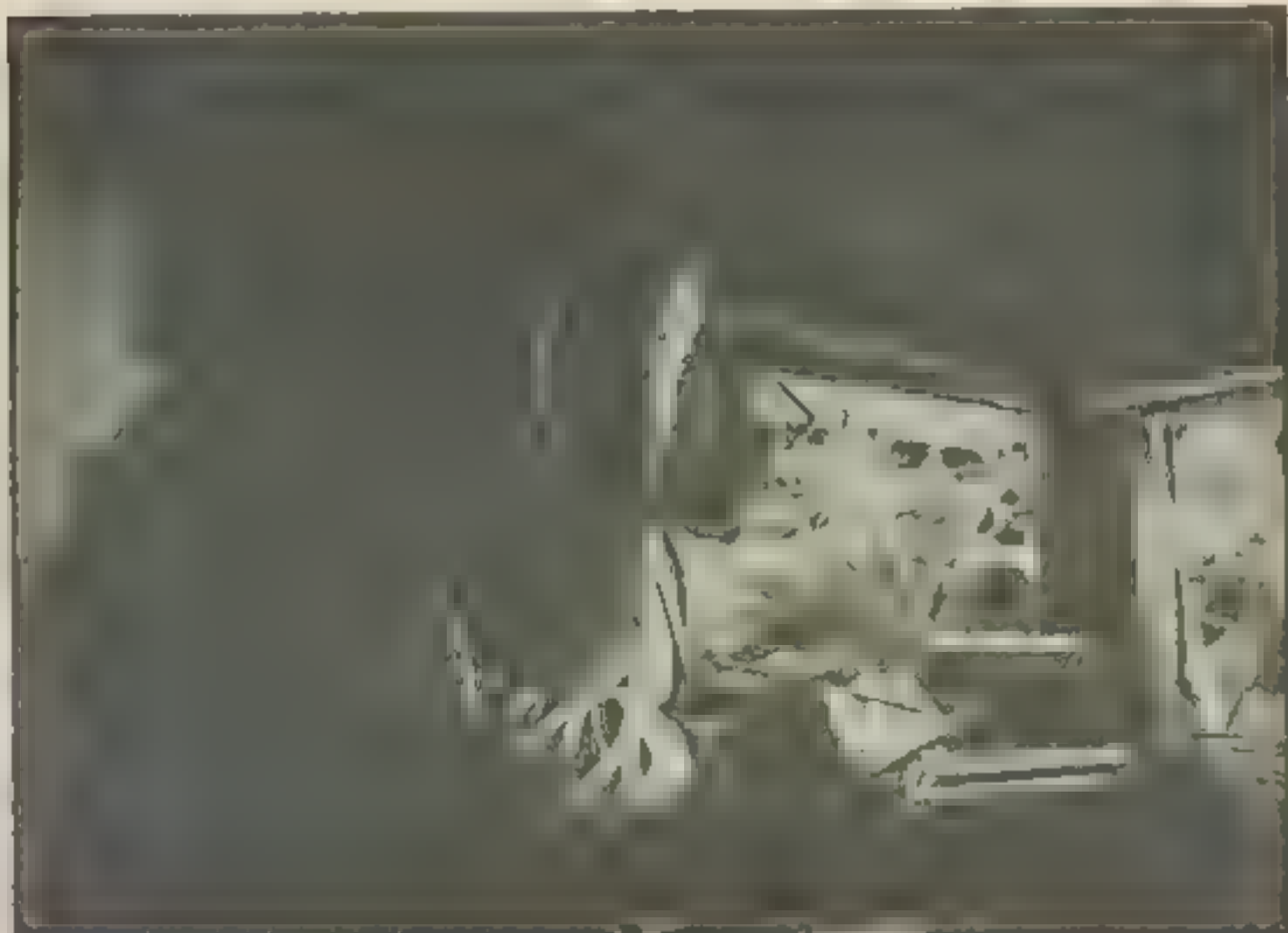
Downey's point, as he himself puts it, is that "we're all in trouble no matter who we are unless we stop getting involved with systems, people and projects that we really, deep inside, don't want to get involved with."

Against the system—well yes, we're all against the system. But there's no comfort here for the two usual anti-system attitudes, political-revolutionary and salvation-through-dope. Putney's odyssey is as much a parody on Maoism, with its windy cultural revolutions and whatnot, as on American gimme-ism. As for the beautifying effects of dope, the President of the United States (played by a midget, incidentally) and his Nazi as-

sistant are never seen without a joint.

Throughout, Swope himself seems aware that his attempt at goodness through-advertising is a hopeless fraud. A cigarette-smoking nun, p.s.ty-faced kid in tow, pleads with Swope, "This is Billy Reilly. He wants to be your friend." Swope is about to tell them to buzz off when the kid says, "Fuck you, and fuck the establishment, and fuck all you people that're trying to make me part of the unestablished establishment!" Swope digs it.

He surrounds himself with yes-men, but he also keeps around somebody called The Arab. The Arab is Swope's conscience; his function is to tell Swope that "you, jim, are a jive cat." When a crackpot wanders into the office, opens his raincoat, and exposes himself, The Arab harangues Swope, "Now there is a man who is *don't somethin'*. That is *revolution*." Swope seems to agree. In the end he dissolves the agency and tells everybody to split up the money, but no share for The Arab—who, as Swope must have known he would, then blows up the money vat with a Molotov cocktail. If there's an ideology here, it doesn't have a name. Call it anarcho-cynicism.



RECORDS

Abbey Road, the Beatles (Apple SO 383)

Simply, side two does more for me than the whole of *Sgt. Pepper*, and I'll trade you *The Beatles* and *Magical Mystery Tour* and a Keith Moon drumstick for side one.

So much for the prelims. "Come Together" is John Lennon very nearly at the peak of his form; twisted, freely-associative, punful lyrically, pinched and somehow a little smug vocally. Breath-takingly recorded (as is the whole album), with a perfect little high-hat tom-tom run by Ringo providing a clever semi-colon to those eerie *shooo-la's*, Timothy Leary's campaign song opens up things in grand fashion indeed.

George's vocal, containing less adenoids and more grumpy Paul tunelessness than ever before, is one of many highlights on his "Something," some of the others being more excellent drum work, a dead catchy guitar line, perfectly subdued strings, and an unusually nice melody. Both his and Joe Cocker's version will suffice nicely until Ray Charles gets around to it.

Paul McCartney and Ray Davies are the only two writers in rock and roll who could have written "Maxwell's Silver Hammer," a jaunty vaudevilian/musical-hallish celebration wherein Paul, in a rare naughty mood, celebrates the joys of being able to bash in the heads of anyone threatening to bring you down. Paul puts it across perfectly with the coyest imaginable choir-boy innocence.

Someday, just for fun, Capitol/Apple's going to have to compile a *Paul McCartney Sings Rock And Roll* album, with "Long Tall Sally," "I'm Down," "Helter Skelter," and, most definitely, "Oh! Darling," in which, fronting a great "ouch!"-yelling guitar and wonderful background harmonies, he delivers an indubitably strong, throat-ripping vocal of sufficient power to knock out even those skeptics who would otherwise have complained about yet another Beatles tribute to the golden groovies' era.

That the Beatles can unify seemingly countless musical fragments and lyrical doodlings into a uniformly wonderful slute, as they've done on side two, seems potent testimony that no, they've far from lost it, and no, they haven't stopped trying.

No, on the contrary, they've achieved here the closest thing yet to Beatles free-form, fusing more diverse intriguing musical and lyrical ideas into a piece that amounts to far more than the sum of those ideas.

"Here Comes the Sun," for example, would come off as quite mediocre on its own, but just watch how John and especially Paul build on its mood of perky childlike wonder. Like here, in "Because," is this child, or someone with a child's innocence, having his mind blown by the most obvious natural phenomena, like the blueness of the sky. Amidst, mind you, beautiful and intricate harmonies, the like of which the Beatles have not attempted since "Dr. Robert."

Then, just for a moment, we're into Paul's "You Never Give Me Your Money," which seems more a daydream than an actual address to the girl he's thinking about. Allowed to remain pensive only for an instant, we're next transported, via Paul's "Lady Madonna" voice and boogie-woogie piano in the bridge, to this happy thought: "Oh, that magic feelin'/Nowhere to go." Cuckets' chirping and a kid's nursery rhyme ("1-2-3-4-5-6-7/All good children go to heaven") lead us from there into a dreamy John number, "Sun King," in which we find him singing for the Italian market, words like *amore* and *felice* giving us some clue as to the feel of this reminiscent-of-"In My Room" ballad.

And then, before we know what's happened, we're out in John Lennon's England meeting these two human oddities, Mean Mr. Mustard and Polythene Pam. From there it's off to watch a surreal afternoon telly programme, Paul's "She Came In Through the Bathroom Window." Pensive and a touch melancholy



EEEEEEEEEEEEK: Another Beatles gold groovies era?

again a moment later, we're into "Golden Slumbers," from which we wake to the resounding thousands of voices on "Carry That Weight," a rollicking little commentary of life's labours if ever there was one, and hence to a reprise of the "Money" theme (the most addicting melody and unforgettable words on the album). Finally, a perfect epitaph for our visit to the world of Beatle daydreams: "The love you take is equal to the love you make . . ." And, just for the record, Paul's gonna make Her Majesty his.

I'd hesitate to say anything's impossible for him after listening to *Abbey Road* the first thousand times, and the others aren't far behind. To my mind, they're equalable, but still unsurpassed.

JOHN MENDELSON

Abbey Road, the Beatles (Apple, SO383)

EEEEEEEEEEEEK, it's the Beatles. Look Look. They're crossing Abbey Road in London—John all leonine and scrunched up and dressed in white with tennis shoes, and Ringo in a tux, and Paul out of step with the others (what do you suppose *that* means?), and George looking very intense and with much better posture than the others. Up the block a ways a police van is watching, but it's cool because they're crossing in the pedestrian crossing area and I'm sure that thing Paul is carrying is a Players—they're playing it very safe. A nice yellowish colored picture on one of these nice new instant fall-apart covers. Sixteen new Beatles songs for just under seven bucks.

What's it like? Well, I don't much like it, but then I have a thing about the Beatles. Since *Revolver* I've been buying their albums, playing them a couple of times, and then forgetting about them. The last album was, admittedly, exciting in places, but I still don't play it much because there's still too much stuff on it that should have been edited. Singles are a different matter, since for

some reason they are more exciting, but the albums just don't seem very vital. They are masterpieces of the engineer's art, containing a melodic gift that is rare these days, and, occasionally, lyrics that are truly excellent. In fact, about as close to perfect as one can come in this field. And as Crosby, Stills & Nash have shown, perfection can be carried to the point of sterility, yet the Stones are close to perfect and are anything but sterile.

Part of the reason can be found, I think, in a comparison of the production techniques used by the Beatles and Stones. The Beatles create a sound that could not possibly exist outside of a studio. Electronically altered voices go *la la la* in chorus, huge orchestras lay down lush textures, and the actual instruments played by the Beatles themselves are all but swallowed up in the process. Indeed, *Abbey Road* is the address of a studio in London. On the album, tape splices go whizzing by, and the ear strains to dissect layers of overdubbing. For the first time they play with their new Moog, which disembodies and artificializes their sound. Too often the result is complicated instead of complex.

In direct contrast with this we have the Stones. They all play real instruments and exactly at that. Additional instrumentation seems to be used only when there is no alternative and then it is kept to the minimum and mixed in unobtrusively. They, too, spend a lot of time remixing and overdubbing, but the end result is always credible—one can imagine little Stones performing in the speakers. The tape splices are there, but it is hard to tell just where, and the one time they really overextended themselves on record, *Their Satanic Majesties Request*, is looked upon as pretty much of a failure for just that reason. After that, they got a producer to help keep them in check and went back to making good music. I wonder what the Beatles would sound like if Jimmy Miller produced them?

Of course, the Beatles are still the Beatles, but it does tread a rather tenuous line between boredom, Beatledom, and bubblegum. "Come Together," the first track, is a superb bit of Lennonian babbling about such things as toejam football and mojo filter which contains such memorable lines as "got to be good looking 'cause he's so hard to see," and "hold you in his armchair, you can feel his disease." It's all very catchy, very funny, and quite mad, all of which is just fine with me.

Unfortunately, it is followed by "Something," by George Harrison, which Time magazine says is the best song on the album, and it's sure easy to see why. It's got a nice, easy listening melody, vivid lyrics and a gigantic string section oozing like saccharine, mashed potatoes all over the place. The vocal is comparable to Glen Campbell in the fervor of its delivery. It's so vile that I'm sure it will be covered by eight or ten artists in the next month and will rate with "Yesterday," and "Michelle" as one of the fab four's top money makers.

Things get a little better (it couldn't get worse) with the next cut, "Maxwell's Silver Hammer," about a guy named Maxwell Edison, a student majoring in medicine, who goes around killing people. It's all done as a nice bouncy catchy little song, quite hummable and singable, sort of like something left over from *Sgt. Pepper* and featuring some pale imitation Buddy Holly vocal hiccup. It's cute and pretty well done, but not particularly memorable.

Paul gets to do an imitation of Elvis or Tom Jones on the next cut, and the result is embarrassingly bad. "Oh! Darling" is sort of a cross between a doo-wop and Elvis' "I Can Dream," except that Elvis at least had the good sense to build up to his climax instead of letting it all out in the first couple of verses, which gives the song nowhere to build. It gets pretty tiresome long before the song is over.

Ringo's sole entry, "Octopus's Garden," livens things up next, but, too, is a little overproduced. Nevertheless it is charming, catchy and cute, and definitely Ringo's best to date.

The first side closes out with "I Want You (She's So Heavy)," close to eight solid minutes, featuring, for a change, the Beatles playing their own instruments. The verse, such as it is, is sung with a bluesy backing, and the "She's So Heavy" part is sung against a set of arpeggios that sound like "The House of the Rising Sun" rewritten by Procul Harum. After doing this back and forth a couple of times, the arpeggios take over and repeat and repeat and repeat until they are suddenly snapped off. It's a nice track and the song almost makes it, but the main body of it is really pretty prosaic—sort of like a good non-professional or new group specializing in "heavy rock."

Side two is a disaster, although it begins well enough with George's "Here Comes the Sun," a pleasant number with lots of Top 40 appeal, even if the lyrics are nothing special. The arpeggios at the end, along with those at the end of the last song on the first side, are motifs that keep cropping up throughout the rest of the album. At first I thought that this might indicate some unifying and thematic thread running throughout all the little songs at the end, but that doesn't seem to be the case.

The slump begins with "Because," which is a rather nothing song, featuring lots of little Ellington saxophone-voiced Pauls singing harmonies that are not unlike the Hi-Los. The backing, lyrics, everything but the vocal, sounds like the Bee Gees, but it's not—it's the Beatles. "You Never Give Me Your Money" is a song with so many sections that it never gets anywhere, but the biggest bomb on the album is "Sun King," which overflows with sixth and ninth chords and finally degenerates into a Muzak-sounding thing with Italian lyrics. It is probably the worst thing the Beatles have done since they changed drummers. This

leads into the "Suite" which finishes up the side. There are six little songs, each slightly under two minutes long, all of which are so heavily overproduced that they are hard to listen to and only two of which have decent melodies—"Golden Summers" which features a large string section, but doesn't suffer for it, and "Carry That Weight" which is quite infectious. The side closes with the obligatory funny trick (it's not over when you think it is), and there you are.

Now, much has been made of the "get back" phenomenon, with so many artists eschewing the complicated and returning to roots of one kind or another. It is ironic that the Beatles should have put out a single with that advice, as well as an admonition not to let them down, followed that advice quite well with the follow-up record, and then released an album like this. We're told that their next one will be the Capitol *Get Back* album and will be all Beatles playing instruments with no overdubbing or any of the other things that mar *Abbey Road* so badly. It is tempting to think that the Beatles are saying with this album that the only alternative to "getting back" for them is producing more garbage on this order, and that they have priced it so outrageously so that fewer people would buy it. But if that's so, then why bother to release it at all? They must realize that any album they choose to release is going to get a gold record just because so many people love, respect, and trust the Beatles. They've been shucking us a lot recently, and it's a shame because they don't have to. Surely they must have enough talent and intelligence to do better than this. Or do they? Tune in next time and find out. ED WARD

along ever so often and stops us momentarily, making us think that *this* perhaps is the core around which all of our wayward musical highways have revolved, the primal yet futuristic and *totally uncontrived* sound which gives the deepest, most lasting sustenance to our souls, the living contemporary definition of great art.

The songs are long jams with a minimum of preplanned structure. That they are so cohesive and sustained is a testament to the experience and sensitivity of the musicians involved. Miles' lines are like shots of distilled passion, the kind of evocative, liberating riffs that decades of strivers build their styles on. Aside from Charles Mingus, there is no other musician alive today who communicates such a yearning, controlled intensity, the transformation of life's inchoate passions and tensions into aural adventures that find a permanent place in your consciousness and influence your basic definitions of music. And his sidemen also rise to the occasion, most of them playing better than I have ever heard them before. Certainly Herbie Hancock (piano), Wayne Shorter (tenor sax), and Joe Zawinul (organ) have never seemed so transported. The miracle of jazz is that a great leader can bring merely competent musicians to incredible heights of inspiration—Mingus has always been famous for this, and Miles has increasingly proven himself a master of this incredibly delicate art.

The first side is taken up by a long jam called "Shhh/Peaceful." Tony Williams' cymbal-and-brush work and the subtle arabesques of Zawinul's organ set a space trip, a mood of suspended time and infinite interior vistas. But when

one that might be connected to Miles' interest in Hendrix and Sly.

They say that jazz has become menopausal, and there is much truth in the statement. Rock too seems to have suffered under a numbing plethora of standardized Sounds. But I believe there is a new music in the air, a total art which knows no boundaries or categories, a new school run by geniuses indifferent to fashion. And I also believe that the ineluctable power and honesty of their music shall prevail. Miles Davis is one of those geniuses. LESTER BANGS



Emergency!, the Tony Williams Lifetime (Polydor 25-3001)

Here is where we take a giant step into the future. Tony Williams is the most formidably talented jazz drummer to rise in the Sixties; his thundering polyrhythms push other soloists to breathtaking heights of invention, dizzying chances taken and brilliantly realized. An alumnus of such towering organizations as Jackie McLean's '64 quintet and Miles Davis' current group, he's never been satisfied to rest on his laurels, and thus it's no surprise that his own new group turns out to be the most innovative to emerge this year. This trio puts out a bigger, more driving sound than we have heard from any "jazz" group in some time. Larry Young has long been recognized as an up-and-coming organist out to liberate that instrument from the oppressive Jimmy Smith mould. His work here is a study in controlled distortion and free improvisations that never fail to make emotional sense.

But the real star here is John McLaughlin, a young English guitarist who has absorbed every important style of the last decade and come up singing his own song, laying down the most exciting sounds I have heard from that instrument in some time. There are traces of people like Gabor Szabo and Eric Clapton, but he has so thoroughly absorbed them that what is contrivance in their hands becomes a driving, thundering statement. Make no mistake, McLaughlin is his own man. Like Young, he uses distortion as an essential component, but it is so masterfully controlled that the listener is carried along almost unaware of the experimentalism. These men are true musicians of the rarest type; they compromise neither to the hysterical charlatanism of the avant garde nor to moribund traditionalists. They are jazz musicians who have seen through the smog of pop artifice and picked up on the very best that rock has to offer, making their music a totally unique entity, the kind of dedicated super-inspired workmanship that promises to set styles for years to come.

The tracks are mostly jams that run through brilliantly-timed changes, shattering climaxes brinking soft mesmeric explorations that never fail to keep you right there, breathlessly waiting for the next stunning turn in this revelation's flashflood course. Williams, Young and McLaughlin have achieved a telepathic interaction rarely known in recent jazz and even more seldom in rock, exuding great waves of pure joy, not only believing in what they're doing but understanding it. Only negative factor is Williams' preachy, pretentious vocalisms, which shouldn't be held against him. The instrumental interplay supporting those clumsy lyrics is so absorbing that after the first couple of listenings you don't even notice the words.

There is a new music aborning which gives the lie to all classifications by school and idiom, whose passions alone are sufficient unto its identity. It is found in the work of Miles Davis, of Captain Beefheart and Don Cherry and the Velvet Underground. More than anyone else in this company, Williams and associates stand at the frontier. LESTER BANGS

The Hunter, Ike and Tina Turner (Blue Thumb BTS 11)

Tina Turner, I am convinced, is one of the nonpareil female blues singers. Though she's generally regarded as an R&B or soul singer—and most of her records have been in this format—she is at her relaxed best with simple, direct blues, as has been demonstrated throughout her recording career. Scattered through her various LPs are superlative blues performances, interlaced with the more usual Ike and Tina pop fare.

This album, the pair's second for Blue Thumb, is far superior to the first *Outta Season* (BTS 5). Though there are a few R&B pieces, the emphasis is upon blues, and Tina really gets it on here as, for some reason, she was unable to do in the earlier set. She's a powerful singer but, even more important, she informs the lyrics with great emotional depths, transforming the overfamiliar and trite into convincing personal statements, making the bathetic significant and real. It's simply what the great blues singers always have done and it's what puts Tina, in my estimation, in the same class as Bessie Smith, Ma Rainey, Bessie Tucker, Memphis Minnie and others of the first rank of female blues singers.

She does a beautiful job on Willie Cobbs' "You Don't Love Me (Yes I Know)," Jimmy Reed's "Baby What You Want Me to Do?," Albert King's recent hit "The Hunter," and the standards "The Things I Used To Do" (stunning), "Early in the Morning" and "I Know (You Don't Love Me No More)". The R&B-styled "Bold Soul Sister" develops a powerful groove in a short space of time, thanks to Tina's galvanic singing, Albert Collins' explosive guitar breaks, and punching, to-the-point arrangement.



Much of the success of the set is due to the strongly rhythmic frameworks Ike has devised. The arrangements are spare and understated, played by a small group of musicians who understand this music perfectly. This discretion allows Tina to come across in a way that a more ambitious approach would never permit, for it would obscure the subtlety and expressive depths of her singing. Orchestral settings that were too busy or textures too dense would tend to rob her vocals of their suggestive power by making the implicit explicit; Ike understands this and has kept things restrained and allusive. And how beautifully it works. Though uncredited, Collins' lead guitar sparks the ensemble throughout and adds another level of excitement to Tina's already engrossing singing. This is a fine, unambitious set. PETS WELDING



Boz Scaggs (Atlantic SD 8239)

In this era of hick *Hee-Haws* and Hollywood cowboys, Nashville cronies and Nudie creations, seems like everybody and his musical brother (and also his chaste sister) has to make it to Tennessee or Alabama, or he jes' can't make it a-tall. Most of the transient residents at 3614 Jackson Highway, for example, site of the much-favored Muscle Shoals Sound Recorders, have no business recording there. Things really aren't all that magical in Muscle Shoals—what counts is what a musician brings into town with him.



Miles Davis: Overwhelmingly human space music

In a Silent Way, Miles Davis (Columbia CS 9875)

This is the kind of album that gives you faith in the future of music. It is not rock and roll, but it's nothing stereotyped as jazz either. All at once, it owes almost as much to the techniques developed by rock improvisors in the last four years as to Davis' jazz background. It is part of a transcendental new music which flushes categories away and, while using musical devices from all styles and cultures, is defined mainly by its deep emotion and unaffected originality.

Miles has always gone his own way, a musician of strength and dignity who has never made the compromise (so poisonous to jazz now) with "pop" fads. It is a testimony to his authenticity that he has never worried about setting styles either, but continued his deeply felt experiment for two decades now. Albums like *Miles Ahead*, *Kind of Blue* and *Sketches of Spain* simply do not get old, and contain some of the most moving experiences that any music has to offer. In his new album, the best he has made in some time, he turns to "space music" and a reverent, timeless realm of pure song, the kind of music which comes

Miles enters, the humanity and tenderness of his trumpet's soft cries are enough to bring you tears. I've heard that when he was making this album, Miles had been listening to Jimi Hendrix and Sly and the Family Stone, but the feeling here is closer to something like "2000 Light Years From Home" by the Stones. It is space music, but with an overwhelmingly human component that makes it much more moving and enduring than most of its rock counterparts.

Side two opens and closes with the best song on the album, a timeless trumpet prayer called "In a Silent Way." There has always been something eternal and pure in Miles' music, and this piece captures that quality as well as anything he's ever recorded. If, as I believe, Miles is an artist for the ages, then this piece will be among those that stand through those vast tracks of time to remind future generations of the oneness of human experience.

Between the two takes of "Silent Way" lies "It's About That Time," a terse, restrained space jam somewhat reminiscent of the one on the first side but a bit sharper, allowing more of Miles' fierce blues ethos to burn through. This is the

Fortunately, Boz Scaggs travels with talent to spare. You knew that listening to the early Steve Miller albums. But then Boz split. He resurfaced briefly a while ago, providing some back-up on Mother Earth's second release, and now Boz has emerged from his own session in Muscle Shoals—and it must have been something! Boz moves effortlessly all the way from gospel to rock and back again, ringing all the changes and making all the whistle-stops between. You want a Fifties-style rock-ballad arrangement? Saunter along with "Another Day." A slice of overlovin' country pie? Join the honky-tonkin' in "Now You're Gone": tipsy slide guitar, skittish fiddle, and break-your-heart, saloon-gal vocal-backing from Tracy Nelson and others.

For gospel-soul, listen to "I'll Be Long Gone": the gentle opening interplay of Barry Beckett's organ and Boz's understated vocal (with just a hint of horns); then hear him hit those high notes—no strain, no explosion, just *who-o-ops* and you're there. "I'm gonna get up and make my life shine," he sings. Mine too, Boss Boz.

Or how about a bit of railroad blues, courtesy of the Original Blues Yodeler himself? Dig "Waiting for a Train"—but understand that's Boz doing the weaving with the fiddle and the ricky-tick pie-anner. Jimmie Rodgers is looking down from on high with a proud smile.

The album's other beauties and sweet C&W moments multiply. (Only "Finding Her," with its precious lyrics and *Moonlight Sonata* piano, falters; and it's rescued by Duane Allman's slide guitar magic at the end.) But the peak of the disc is the 13-minute "Loan Me a Dime." Most extended cuts—face it, folks—are a drag. Can't be sustained. Your ear tends to blot them out on most every record, picking out the briefer, tighter numbers instead.

But not this time. "Loan Me" makes it all the way. Boz's vocalizing seems relaxed and mournful at the same time; and then, midway, the singing stops and the cooking begins—horns soaring (the same figure over and over), organ romping along, drums pushing, and some spine-tingling guitar work by Duane Allman. That guitar fools around with the horns part of the time; and they seem to prod it into new inventiveness the rest of the way.

That's Boz. Style *Panache*. One of the few. He sounds right at home in Muscle Shoals. Like his namesake, the illustrator "Boz" who brought Dickensian London to vivid life, this Boz belongs to, yet shapes and transcends, his milieu. No wonder he's smiling. ED LEIMBACHER



... What This Is! Screamin' Jay Hawkins (Phillips 600-319)

The key to this album is its honesty. Producer Milan Melvin has been faithful to Screamin' Jay and his music right down to the picture of Jay emerging from a coffin. That's how his concerts used to begin. Hawkins was the arch-demon of the Fifties, the great-grandfather of such theatrical rock groups as Hendrix, the Who, and the Doors, and like President Richard Nixon—"whose efforts to recapture the early Fifties do not pass unnoticed," reads the album's dedication—Hawkins is back. His sidemen for the LP, Fifties musicians for the most part (drummer Earl Palmer and saxophonist Plas Johnson recorded with Ernie Freeman back in the days of "Raunchy"), demonstrate an intimate understanding of Jay and his music. The temptation to use a Stax horn section, a booming soul chorus, or any of the other current fetishes is resisted, and yet the band swings like mad on songs like "Do You Really Love Me?" Jay himself plays piano on all but two cuts.

Like most songwriters, Jay gets his inspiration from everyday life. He practiced black magic and headshrinking in the jungles of Haiti, and in the Orient, a chick who sung with him on a single called "Ashes" tried to kill him with a knife. Thus "Feast of the Mau Mau,"

the only song on the album Jay has previously recorded. It shows that voodoo-rock did not begin with Dr. John: "Cut the fat off the back of a baboon/ Boil it down to a pound, get a spoon/ Scoop the eyes off a fly flyin' backwards/ Take the jaws and the paws of a coon."

"Constipation Blues," a highlight of the album, is prefaced with a statement about how "most people record songs about love, heartbreak, loneliness, being broke . . . nobody has actually gone out and recorded a song about real pain." The sax farts out the opening, followed by some of the most excruciating vocal contortions ever put on record. Several splashes and flushes later, Jay is able to let out a triumphant "I feel alright!" It's a beautiful parody of blues imitators ("Got a pain down inside"), but more than that, it's Screamin' Jay Hawkins doing a delightful parody of himself.

Jay's biggest problem is when he gets too serious. His baritone voice has almost no range, and he sings love ballads with almost the same phrasing and emphasis as in his monster songs. A crooner he is not; as he himself has said, "I scare a song to death." JOHN MORTHLAND



Ready to Ride, Southwind (Blue Thumb BTS 13)

Well, someone finally got around to recording the Warren Smith classic, "Rock and Roll Ruby," which was written by one John R. Cash in his pre-'I Walk the Line' days for fabled Sun Records. Southwind has the hang loose, early-rock-and-really-roll Memphis sound—and the refreshing thing is that this whole album is like that.

Southwind, an LA-based contingency, has effectively merged the group dynamics of, say, Creedence Clearwater with the street-music lyrics of the Clovers or Mick Jagger. Take a look at that marvelous cover—it would have made a fine back-jacket photo for "Honky Tonk Women."

The quartet tries nothing really fancy or innovative; yet much like Cat Mother, they succeed with their simplicity and exuberance. "Ruby Eileen" or "Ready to Ride" are fine examples of their funky abandon, played with brilliant musical economy, presenting lyrics that, after a few listens, springboard into your consciousness: "Take me to a spot where things get really hot/ Let me try something I ain't tried/ I'm ready to ride . . ." The lyrics leap out of the music itself. This is particularly true of their transcendental version of science fiction writer Robert Heinlein's poem, "Cool Green Hills of Earth," as the voices of the band blend and vary, almost jazz-like, certainly as did the old Clyde McPhatter-led Drifters, with that pulsating falsetto popping up in all the right places.

More than half the songs were written by the group and most flow from organist Fontaine Brown. They're songs of the nitty gritty in this age of the fairytale lyric—"Heat Down in the Alley" deals with exactly that, and "Fine Tooth Comb" treats the record industry very bluntly. "Before that record man gets a pencil in my hand I'm gonna make sure I don't get screwed again . . ."

It's really amazing what good times can still be had with just two guitars, drums, and an organ. This is wide-open music that doesn't give a damn about dioms or mystiques. GARY VON TERSCH



Whatever's Right, Lonnie Mack (Elektra EKS-74050)

It's people like Lonnie Mack who make so irrelevant the arguments over whether or not white men can sing the blues. "Here I am; I'm just a simple man," he sings on "What Kind of World Is This?" And you just know it has to be true. If he has lifted quite a bit from the blues, he has done so without sacrificing the integrity of either that music or himself. The same is not true of, say, Ten Years After or Led Zeppelin.

Lonnie was one of those people snowed under first by the British and then the San Francisco bands, and *Whatever's Right* is the second album since he began his "comeback." While in some respects it does fail to measure up to *Glad I'm in the Band*, it still demonstrates Lonnie's clear superiority over most of today's "name" guitarists.

The best example of this superiority is seen in "Mt. Healthy Blues," an instrumental which provides a fine lesson in how a song is constructed. It's a very simple piece, the rhythm section laying down a traditional blues beat and the horns used as added percussion. But it gives Lonnie plenty of room to stretch out, and how he can play that guitar! His style has changed somewhat since the last album; here it gets lightning-fast, but it maintains a logic which prevents it from becoming another case of all form, no content.

Everything becomes clear when Lonnie sings "What Kind of World Is This?" You begin to understand how more than six years of one-nighters can shape a musician. For if you're not "where it's at," and Lonnie hasn't been for some time, it's a pretty unglamorous life playing over the roar of the drunks, picking up your subsistence wage, and then moving on to the next town.

Lonnie's own composition, "Gotta Be an Answer," explains how he copes with this. He pleads for perseverance, and if perseverance is what has made his career last all these years, it's also what ultimately makes this album hang together. Even if there are no earth-shaking songs on the album, even if there is nothing to really jolt you, the album remains a coherent collection of 10 songs, all with a consistently fine sense of musicianship, all done competently. I think Lonnie can do better, and thus I'm a bit disappointed, but *Whatever's Right* is by no means an album to be ashamed of.

JOHN MORTHLAND

Just Good Old Rock and Roll, the Electric Prunes (Reprise 6342)

Rock and Roll, Vanilla Fudge (Atco SD-33-303)

As even igloo-dwellers must know by now, 1969's major trend/hype is a full-scale, endlessly intellectualized, inevitably shortlived Back To The Roots movement. Cued by the Beatles' great white-winged Graf Zeppelin of last winter, droves of lesser bands have been elbowing their way past each other in a race into the past.

The results, coming in for some time now but by no means peaking, are interesting. Of course, much of the movement's impetus can be traced to the fact that anachronistic rock riffs are even easier to shuck up than psychedelic fuzz

groan ragas or blackface B.B. blues. Authentic expressions of rock's continuity, as with Cat Mother, seems to be the exception; the rule inundates us with albums like these two.

The Electric Prunes, before their own digression, were a group primarily distinguished by one good searing '66 hit called "I Had Too Much To Dream," after which their main technique for keeping afloat was recording rock versions of the Catholic Mass and its Jewish equivalent—long slow dirge wallowings, heavy on the fuzzy feedback. Now they've gone back home, which for them is Hollywood, and made an album that is far from the worst of its ilk, no incredible pomposities or painful primitivism; an album, rather, straight from the mainstream of rock, Fifties and Sixties, with standard uptempo rockers and sad, silly ballads (neither of them overdone), short well-arranged songs with brief solos, lots of variety and the kind of dedicated labor which erases traces of strain.

Also, a crashing bore.

There is a special category of dull albums which are so nicely, competently



made that you sometimes wonder if you really shouldn't like them and are missing something. Albums like this quite often appear from young and unaccomplished groups: clean respectability achieved, real emotion and spontaneity are crushed out. Respectability-paranoia in today's rock is specialized—gotta steer clear of errant experimentalism as well as slick bopper commercialism if you want real consensus. Such albums are the epitome of good taste: aim to please everybody.

Trouble is, fence-straddlers turn grey awful fast, withering in their calculated security. Fear not, however; the Electric Prunes will move on. A timely group if ever there was one—if the Beatles put out an album next year with four or five Germanic accordion beer ballads on it (which, after all, is not so unlikely), you can be sure the Prunes will be in the vanguard of the new Polka Rock sound.

The Vanilla Fudge are something else again. One thing you've gotta give 'em—they stick to their guns. Launched with one of the most incredible (and successful) gimmicks ever (play other people's songs at dirge-tempo for eight minutes and call it improvisational exploration), they didn't deviate much from that formula for four albums, thrilling their panting fans with such monumental creations as a 23-minute jam, an eight-minute "Season of the Witch," and a trip through musical history featuring Winston Churchill and interviews with the boys themselves. Their new album, advertised for several months before its release, worked us up into frothing spasms of unbearable suspense: would the Fudge shuck their sound, that thunderous grandeur and pomp drained down to simplistic Bill Haley guitar licks and the awful bland restraint of a Dave Baby Cortez organ? We gnawed our nails.

We were wrong, thank God. The Fudge could never sell out. Why, this album even has one of their all-time masterpieces, the overwhelming eight-minute rendition of "The Windmills of Your Mind" (for you know nothing schmucks, that is a great ballad in the style of Bob Dylan written last year by

—Continued on Page 36

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—*Rolling Stone*



"The Kaleidoscope's variety of forms is almost countless and the depth to which they develop each of their styles is breathtaking."
—*Boston After Dark*

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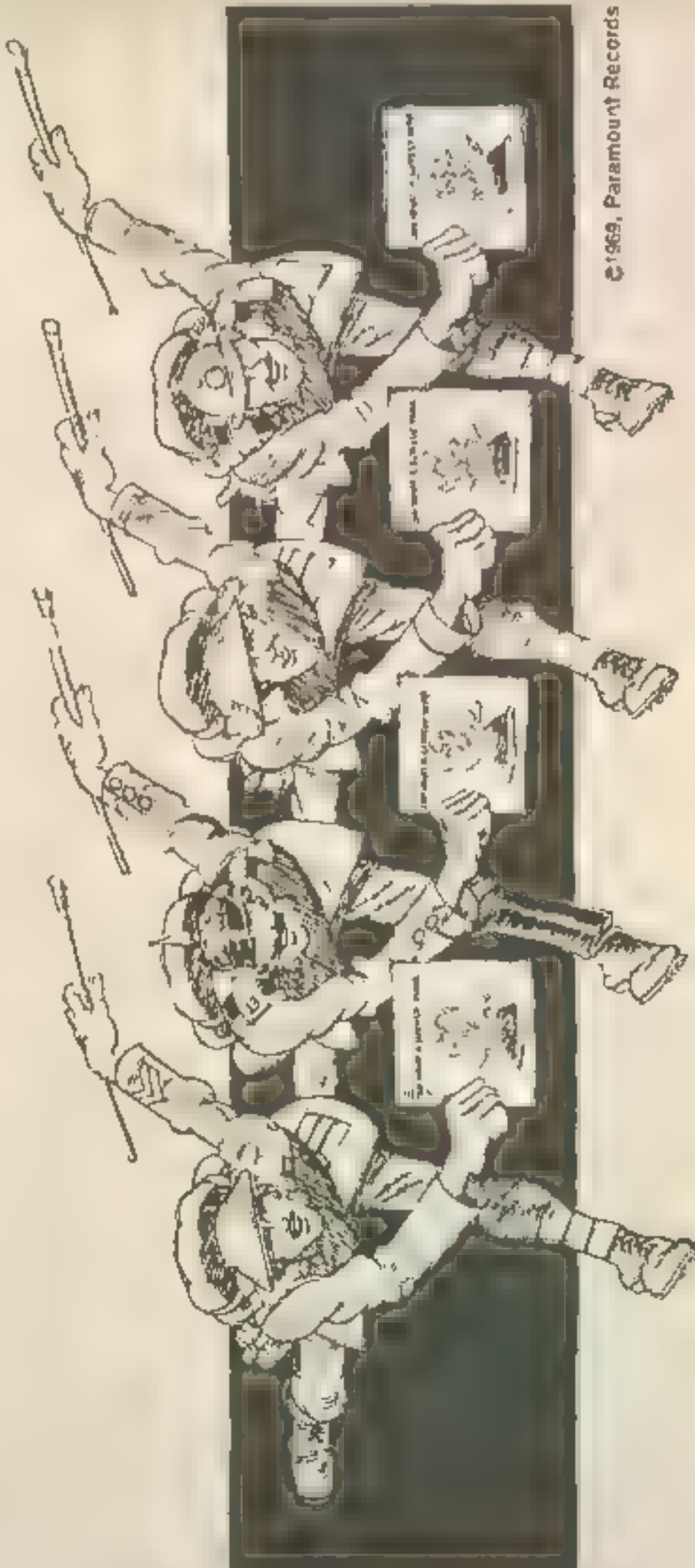
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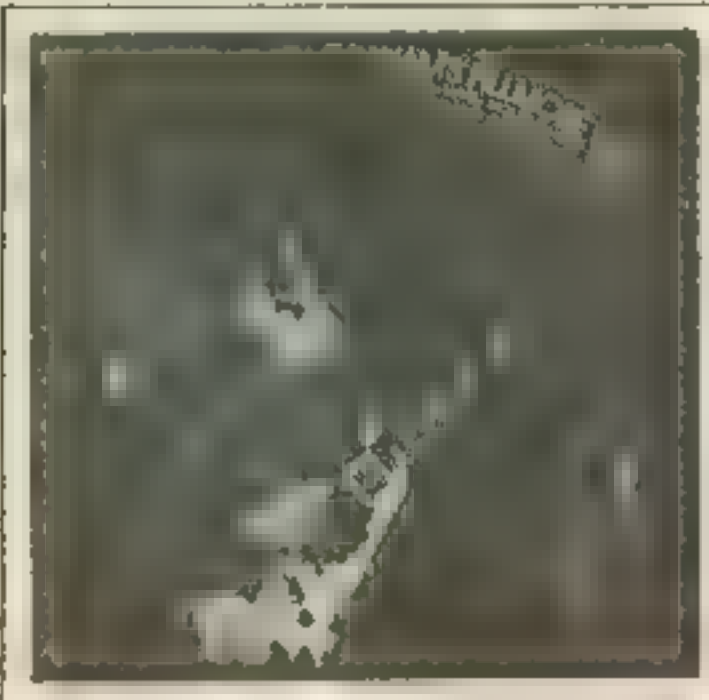


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Michel Legrand, the French Andre Previn). Also, there's "Church Bells of St. Martins," a religious song about a peace demonstration in Trafalgar Square, as always, the Fudge prove that "Conscience" is one of their middle names.

I sometimes wonder who listens to records like these, who stomachs the sound and continues the careers of such diehard nonentities. In the case of the Prunes, I doubt if there is anybody left anymore—racks at the local used record shop jammed with copies of this one, and no takers. As for the Fudge, I have only met one true-blue Fudge fanatic: a Robitussin freak who told me once that next to cough syrup, the Fudge were the ultimate stone. LESTER BANGS



It's Not Killing Me, Michael Bloomfield (Columbia CS 9883)

My Labors, Nick Gravenites (Columbia CS 9899)

Live At Bill Graham's Fillmore West, Michael Bloomfield & Friends (Columbia CS 9893)

It don't sound like blues. It sounds like some white kid trying to sing blues. It drags me, they're not funky. They don't have a good beat. I can't explain it. It's not the real shit, and it's not even a good imitation.

—Michael Bloomfield in an interview in *ROLLING STONE*, April 27, 1968



Mike Bloomfield: At his best on somebody else's trip

Bloomfield, in the above quote, was talking about the Grateful Dead, but he might have been describing these three albums. The same group recorded all these albums; they gig as "Bloomfield and Friends." *It's Not Killing Me* is Bloomfield singing his own songs. *My Labors* is Gravenites singing his own songs. *Live At B. G.'s* is an assortment of Bloomfield and Gravenites. Bloomfield and Gravenites grew up together musically, so it's no surprise that all three albums sound alike. The sound seems to come mostly from Bloomfield's head-lunged guitar in front of an automotive herd of horns, playing very simple charts.

Bloomfield is a strange dude. When he's in the right scene with the right people, he can be great. As he is, for example, on the current *Fathers & Sons*. When it's someone else's trip—Muddy Waters, Butterfield, Buddy Miles—Bloomfield is at his best. That's what makes these albums embarrassing. They are so bad. The music is flat, unimaginative and badly played. The singing—with the exception of several cuts on Gravenites' album—is uniformly terrible.

It's Not Killing Me can only be described as a specimen of boring exhibitionism. Bloomfield's singing should never have been released—he has a terrible voice. His playing is a caricature of itself; it sounds stale, full of instrumental mannerisms and little else. The band sounds ill-rehearsed and sloppy.

Bloomfield's material is clever and facile, but largely empty of the emotion

it pretends. The songs that work best are not the blues, but the little excursions into different styles, like "For Anyone You Meet," a country and western lament for the Fallen Woman; "Why Must My Baby" (be the onliest one for me?), a cute old-timey piece, and "Don't Think About It Baby," a tuff-enuff buga-too with tight lyrics. The rest of the songs are built from musical clichés—and sound it.

Gravenites' *My Labors* is slightly better because Gravenites' songs are real songs, not exercises in style. The melodies are standard-Chicago blues for the most part, but the lyrics have a fine intensity. He lived them. "Moon Tune" and "Throw Your Dog a Bone" are Gravenites at his best. He also sings "As Good As You've Been To This World," but not nearly as well as Joplin does on her new album. In general, though, Gravenites' singing is not his best. The subtleties of his phrasing often get smothered in the horns and clatter of Bloomfield's arrangements. Ironically, Gravenites sounds best on the three cuts that were recorded with anonymous and modest studio musicians.

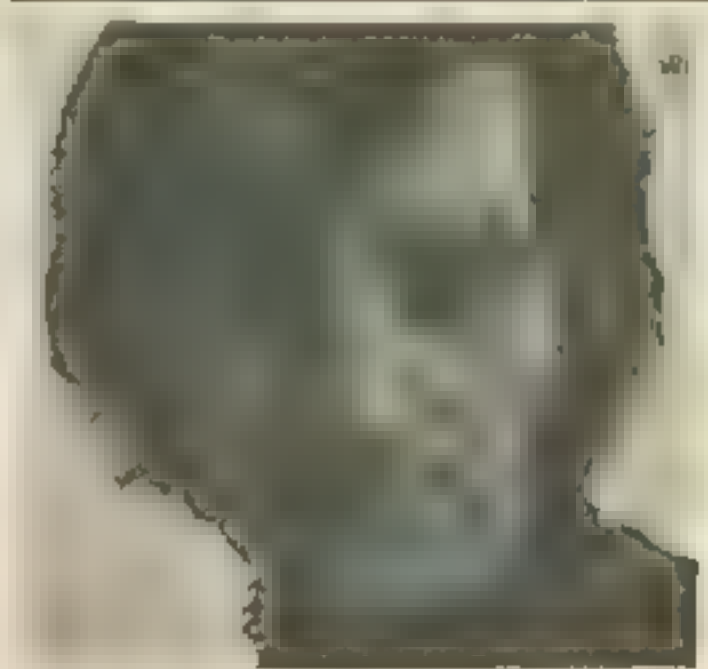
Live At B. G.'s is more of the same. The band is ragged, the singing is bad, Bloomfield's guitar is frequently out of tune. The audience was incredibly indulgent, applauding any and everything. The extremely poor recording and production doesn't help much. Even played on a good stereo, the album still sounds like a neglected jukebox. The one relatively bright spot on this dim album is a Gravenites tune: "Blue On a Westside." The rest, well . . . On the corner of the jacket of *It's Not Killing Me* is written "Bloomfield Shucks." Maybe that's it. Maybe. DAVID GANCHER

The Cajun Way, Doug Kershaw (W 1820)

Doug Kershaw is truly one of God's originals. Among a whole host of instruments, he plays fiddle most, wild and free and from all sides and angles; and he lets fly with high-pitched whoops and shouts that pass for singing but really

Killen has, so to speak, swamped them with slick Nashville professionalism from harp to finish. The jaunty, jarring roughness of such less-polished cajun performers as Nathan Abshire and the Breaux Brothers (hear them on Arhoolie's *Cajun Fais Do-Do*) is lacking; and Kershaw's own live-performance magic just doesn't come across enough.

He's himself to blame for some of the trouble—for example, overwhelming a few tunes with "significant" lyrics. I'm basically a romantic, so I don't generally complain about sentiment, even sentimentality, but the words to "Papa Dried Old" strikes me as embarrassingly exhibitionistic, a countrified Victorian tear-jerker. I believe "Louisiana Man"; but a saccharine death-bed scene offends my sensibilities. Then, too, there's this bit of



catchy moralizing from another tune: "Fussing and fighting and pulling out hair—if we don't stop fighting, we'll never get there." True, so true—but *blah*.

A few good numbers do survive, all of them up-tempo and close to catching that old-time swamp-fire: the teeth-jarring, nonsensical "Diggy Diggy Lo," the foot-stomping dance tune "Rita, Put Your Black Shoes On," the old cajun standard "Sweet Jole Blon" (Kershaw sings it in English), and the happily hyperbolic rocker "Feed It to the Fish"—"Take my love and throw it in the river!"

But that's all. Doug Kershaw may have "arrived" in the Nashville pantheon and on network TV, but he seems to be getting too far away from his cypress roots. ED LEINBACHER



Early Days, the Zombies (London PS557)

I personally used to spend a lot of time in school carving "What's become of the Zombies" on desks. Which is to say that I—who, like lots of others, date my fanatic devotion to rock and roll to the time of the first English Zombies—including explosions—couldn't be more pleased with this album, all simplicity (as in "opposite of pretentiousness"), breathily sexy-to-little-screaming-girls vocals by Colin Blunstone, and slightly off-key but winningly sincere harmonies—a gas.

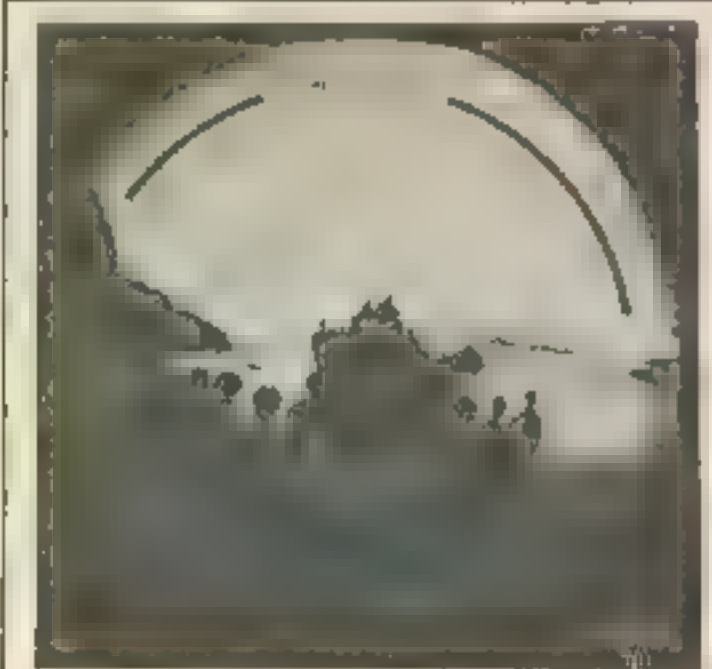
I suspect I should say something about what a splendid representation this album is of British nice-rock circa late 1964. But I won't, being convinced that the Zombies, due largely to organist-writer-leader Rod Argent's musical shrewdness, were, in those days, much farther into a distinctive style of their own than the majority of their contemporaries and thus weren't very representative. No, the Zombies were more English, displaying, as they did, fewer Chuck Berry or Everly Bros. or American blues influences than nearly anyone else, more Cliff Richardish (i.e. more into the pre-Beatles British teen-idol scene), in general, less nasty and less gritty and less raucous and far more the embodiment of their era's polite-rock side. It's almost, it occurs to me, as if the Zombies kept their hair French-cut short and their music glossy in an attempt to insure their future in the Shadows market had the Beatles/Stones/Animals boom proven a fluke.

To the album's contents. As well as "She's Not There," "Tell Her No," and "Leave Me Be," all early-1965 hits of varying sizes, and guitarist Paul White's

gently lovely "I Love You," which People copped almost intact and scored with last year, there are a couple of nice rock-and-rollers ("Indication" and "She Does Everything For Me"); what may be considered the archetypal Zombies-rock piece, "Whenever You're Ready"; a musical tribute to Merseybeat called "Don't Go Away"; a slightly laughable Peppermint Lounge-type twister complete with idiotic "oh yeah's," "You Make Me Feel Good," and "I Want You Back Again," a supperclub jazzier in 6/4.

Almost all of which will be tremendously dug, I suspect, by those who even today are knocked out by *Meet The Beatles*, the Hollies' *Heard Heret*, and other timelessly hopping artifacts of that warmly-recalled time of the season.

JOHN MENDELSON



He's a Friend of Mine, the Edwin Hawkins Singers (Pavilion PBS 1002)

You are not your own: you were bought with a price.

I CORINTHIANS 6:19-20

Love Is All We Have To Give, The Checkmates Ltd. (Phil Spector Productions—A&M SP 4183)

This album, while it has its moments, is probably the worst thing Phil Spector has done since he had the Crystals record "This Land Is Your Land," and the LP submits to the same sort of pointless faddishness, though this time the specter is Broadway, not *Hootenanny*. An entire side of the album is devoted to an atrocity called "The Hair Anthology Suite," which will doubtless snow the audiences the Checkmates are bidding for—the sleepy drunks that flock to Caesar's Palace, the Copa, and the snow white temples of Miami Beach. It is a genuine tragedy that Spector has been sucked in by the year's biggest "rock" shuck, the hippie/love/tribal/dope/\$15/a/seat phantasmagoria. It's not so hard to understand—the songs, or lists set to music, of *Hair* are laden with sentiment, and Phil has always loved sentimental numbers—you'd have to go far to find a better tear-jerker than "When you were a little boy/ Did you have a puppy that always followed you around?" ("River Deep—Mountain High"). And he made sentiment into classic art, a far cry from the Checkmates screeching "Ain't got no underwear!" against a crumbling wall of soupy horns. It's a disaster.

The other side of the album is all right—it wouldn't make you leave the room. It starts off with the dumbest version of "Proud Mary" ever recorded, followed by an acceptable re-make of "Spanish Harlem." Why Phil, who co-authored the song for Ben E. King, would want to record a vastly inferior reprise of the number is beyond me; perhaps he wanted to top himself, but all we get is a faceless waste track.



Ah—"Black Pearl" is next, one of the finest singles of the past year, a big hit for Phil, a well-deserved success. Sonny Charles sings it, fronting the familiar majesty of the Spector Sound with typically corny, and moving, Spector lyrics: "You'll never be a beauty queen/ 'Cause they won't pick you/ But you're my Miss America/ And I love you!" Charles phrases like Stevie Wonder at his best. Then another adequate cut, followed by

"Love Is All I Have To Give," the Checkmates' first single with Phil, a minor hit in some places. It's a number that would have been perfect for the Righteous Brothers, but it never quite makes it because there are no real highpoints in the song, no real movement. The closest it gets to excitement is when Phil leads the orchestra up to a point where they almost, but not quite, change chords—a weird, confusing moment that draws the listener in and captures him.

Shit. This is tragic. Forget these nightclub dudes, Evie Sands is a great little belter sitting pretty on A&M, and she is the stuff of great Phil Spector records. Dig her single, "Any Way That You Want Me," and hope Phil does too.

GREIL MARCUS



Songs for a Tailor, Jack Bruce (Atco SD 33-306)

Songs for a Tailor is a disappointment. It's a patchwork affair lacking in any unifying thread, a baggy misfit made up of a shopworn miscellany of jazz riffs, rock underpinnings, chamber music strings, boringly baroque lyrics, and a Bruce bass that *oompahs* on my set like a horny tuba, leaving everything distinctly bottom-heavy.

Aside from "I Feel Free" and maybe "Sunshine of Your Love," the team of Bruce and Peter Brown never has been known for impeccable tunes; we simply forgave them their songwriting excesses ("Politician," "White Room," "Deserted Cities of the Heart"), which seemed insignificant beside those of the Cream as a whole. Without Clapton and Baker overcompensating, however, Brown's lyrics just sound silly: "You worked my blisters to the bone/playing songs of tiny men and bridges in wine/While you led the time astray/and lost your head in the rainbow"; "It's all chief and no father/down the avenue of lane"; etc.

Then, too, many of the songs seem to represent Brown dabbling in the history of English literature (pseudo-poems jotted down in his notebook, I'll bet, and set to music by Bruce at a later date). "He the Richmond" plays desultorily with some Shakespeare, "Weird of Hermiston" offers a pointless and cursory nod to Poe or Lovecraft or one of those horror-mongers. "The Ministry of Bag" seems to derive from a much more resonant poem of 30 years ago, Louis MacNeice's "Bagpipe Music." Only "Theme for an Imaginary Western" and "To Isengard" represent literary excursions which are meaningful and listenable as well.

The music side of things in general consists mostly of Bruce himself—at various times and places he plays cello, guitar, organ and piano, besides laying down unusually strong bass and handling all the vocal chores (that last in a remarkably bland fashion). His piano work is easy and effective; otherwise, no surprises. The tunes themselves are competent, even pleasant, but eminently forgettable. The exception: "Never Tell Your Mother She's Out of Tune," which one may hear as Bruce (via Brown) saying "goodbye to all that" once and for all: "They say there are men who are blue like me in the stars/Beards for the weird and bars for bizarre guitar-men/... Fortunately baby I am never coming back."

ED LEIMBACHER

Terry Reid (Epic BN 26477)

Bound as he is to producer Mickie Most, who's good when he's interested and unthinkably horrid when he's not, as is obviously the case here, it's surprising that Terry Reid continues to even try to record and almost startling that he can come up with so good an album as this.

Were it not for his excellence as a songwriter, which not even Most at his least interested can completely obscure, this second Reid offering would be notable only for its awe-inspiringly shoddy engineering and altogether wretched mix. (That is, if it even was mixed: it sounds



very much as if it were recorded live on one track. And a guitar-organ-drums lineup like the Reid group's simply doesn't project a full enough background sound without far more over-dubbing than is in evidence here. But presumably Most couldn't be troubled.)

Reid has a large helping of musical maturation ahead of him before he gains sufficient control of his sometimes-fiery freak voice (a cross between Steve Marriott's and Janis Joplin's, with maybe a dash of Robert Plant as well, if you can imagine that) to become a really effective rock shrieker. He presently has the unhappy habit of scat-howling/rasping his own wonderful melodies into submission, and, while singularly incendiary on nearly any individual cut, is little fun to listen to at length.



"Stay With Me Baby" aside, little of note happens on side one, with the exception of uniformly muddled production all but spoiling "Superlungs" (by D. Leitch), and two good originals, "Marking Time" and "Silver White Light." Struggling to stay on top of Peter Shelley's keyboard bass, which threatens to drown him out, and lacking the extraordinary range and force necessary on such a blaster, Reid nevertheless succeeds in infusing a good deal of passion into "Stay With Me," Lorraine Ellison's show-stopper (which, incidentally, is here credited to members of Savoy Brown despite being written by Jerry Ragovoy and a collaborator).

Most really shines at the beginning of side two, where he brilliantly fades Reid's "Friends" in between hunks of "Highway 61 Revisited." Marvellous, Mickie, marvellous. Reid himself does a most noteworthy job with the Dylan tune, which is tailor-made for his scat-singing capabilities.

The real highlight of the album is "Speak Now Or Forever Hold Your Peace," a great rock and roller by Reid with a driving beat that pulls you from your chair and a tune that you won't get out of your head for hours. And, wow, even background vocals (Reid over-dubbed)!

In short, if you can endure the worst production job of the year and Terry's occasional vocal excesses, you'll want this album for its great originals and "Highway 61." Otherwise, you'd be best to wait for decently-recorded versions by other super-stars and for Terry to find a producer who gives a fuck.

JOHN MENDELSON

You Never Know Who Your Friends Are, Al Kooper (Columbia CS 9855)

The first thing that confronts your eye is the outer cover, with all those helmeted cops clubbing young people—and of course the title, a (wry? satiric? two-fisted?) commentary on Columbia Records' *Know Who Your Friends Are* advertising campaign of a few months back. Far out. So Al Kooper's suddenly a revolutionary—you might begin to think—and here's Columbia, allowing him to toss a molotov cocktail through their front window.

Then you open the cellophane wrapping, and there's the inside double-faced cover: a police detective's desk, on which we see the cop's black shoes and white socks, handcuffs, holster, cigar butts, half-eaten chunk of apple dandy, and (here's



where the message comes in) photos of his "suspects" on this "case"—Kooper and his musicians and friends—along with what are presumably their "crimes"—sheet of paper listing the tracks on both sides of the LP, along with the personnel of the Al Kooper Big Band.

So this is to be the revolution as experienced by Al Kooper, sung by Al Kooper, arranged by Al Kooper, and produced by Al Kooper.

Or so it seems, until you get it on your record player. My suggestion is that you listen to the title tune first so's to get at the heart of the album. "You Never Know Who Your Friends Are" is a graceless little neo-Beatles ditty, set against tinkly-plunky piano, evidently directed toward a girl (or pal) of Kooper's. It's all about how this person was supposed to be a friend of Kooper's, at least that's what he thought, but then jeez, it turned out he (she) weren't no friend at all. Heavy revolutionary shit, brother.

Neither is this album what its cover pretends for it nor anything much else. Not a memorable song, not an interesting vocal, no depth, no breadth.

The theory, based upon past evidence, has been forwarded that Al Kooper is a terrible cynic, an eclectic and an egotist of vast dimensions, who masterfully manipulates the effects of rock and roll to his own aggrandizement. But I think this record successfully undercuts the notion that he might possess any sort of mastery.

JOHN BURKS

Wait a minute—wait a minute—I take it all back. I forgot for a minute that rock and roll is the revolution. Anything

you do in rock and roll is revolutionary. The revolution is beyond all this criticism and shit, man—the revolution just is. Same as *You Never Know Who Your Friends Are*. I forgot. I get it now.

JOHN BURKS

Make A Joyful Noise, Mother Earth (Mercury SR 61226)

What's remarkable to me is that Mother Earth is so righteously defiant in the face of the first canon of success in this business—which is, simply, Don't Complicate Matters—and so successful despite the complications.

To begin with, you might ask which Mother Earth. This is album 2-1/2 (counting their contribution to the soundtrack of *Revolution*), and the change in



playing personnel from the last album is no more remarkable than the changes within the albums themselves. The focus, naturally, is on Tracy Nelson, but there are new vocalists altogether, principally the Rev. Ronald Stallings, who dominates the "City Side" of the record, which is stacked with horns and Earthettes.

The "Country Side" interests me more—it is a clean break not only with the "City Side" but with a good number of the rockabilly tricks that a good rock band uses when it plays country, such as anchoring the drums up front as do the Byrds or the Band (something of an anathema in pure country); or slipping in feedback guitars as do the Byrds again, or Sir Douglas; or juicing up the lead work with all those funky licks that are sure to date guitar picking in our time, like the lead work on *Nashville Skyline*. These are examples of stuff that I admire for the most part, but which I hate to see choked to death with repetition.

Mother Earth, on some cuts, sounds a lot closer to the bands Hank Williams used than to any of the bands I have mentioned. Their sound is down home in a way that lets fiddles come across like fiddles, rather than like what some engineer always thought fiddles should sound like; down home in a way that has a venerable old sideman like Peter Drake (one of Dylan's studio men) playing steel guitar like Hawaiian guitar rather than Wuritzer guitar. This means that the band allow themselves to do a very fine number by Doug Sahm ("I Wanna Be Your Mamma Again") on an on-beat and let the song carry itself instead of letting it ride on some slick wheelchair rhythm track. R.P. St. John achieves the same effect with lyrics; his "I'll Be Moving On," is a fine song about a long-haired musician trying to talk a southern sheriff out of a bust. "Yes, sir, I'll take it easy, that's my code..."

There are exceptions to anything you can say about this album; for example, Bob Arthur, the bass guitarist, lays down a sound on the "Country Side" which is uniquely Bay Area. His vocal debut, on "Come On and See," reminds me of the famous stumbling drunk session *Scream-in'* Jay Hawkins did on "I Put A Spell On You."

It's easy enough to accuse Mother Earth of being eclectic, to call them the greatest variety show on vinyl. But that's only an accusation when you can't pull it off. They can.

PATRICK THOMAS

Low Tide

On the side of a rock a small purple sea anemone glittering with sand grains the size of rock salt, and still partly open. Recalling you I had a strong desire to lean down and put my tongue in it.

—William Witherup

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On Reprise Where They Belong

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is COMING...
WALK YOUR
CHILDREN
HOME FROM
SCHOOL...**

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22ND CENTURY PRESENTS

IN CHICAGO

BLOOD, SWEAT & TEARS

OCTOBER 26 • 7:30 PM

AUDITORIUM THEATRE

TIM HARDIN

OCTOBER 31 • 8:30 PM

ORCHESTRA HALL

JOSE FELICIANO

NOVEMBER 2 • 7:30 PM

AUDITORIUM THEATRE

THE BAND

NOVEMBER 21 • 8:30 PM

AUDITORIUM THEATRE

THREE DOG NIGHT

NOVEMBER 22 • 7:00 & 10:30 PM

AUDITORIUM THEATRE

JANIS JOPLIN

NOVEMBER 23 • 7:30 PM

AUDITORIUM THEATRE

CHICAGO (CTA)

NOVEMBER 27 • 7:30 PM

AUDITORIUM THEATRE

MOODY BLUES

NOVEMBER 30 • 7:30 PM

AUDITORIUM THEATRE



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